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THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

WERE affairs in France not so very grave as to preclude all thought of mirth, one might well be inclined to smile at the strange anomalies they exhibit. We may perhaps venture, however, without becoming amenable to a charge of levity, to quote Lord Dundreary, and say that the complications of French politics are such as no fellow can understand.

To begin with, there is a strange but biting irony in the fact, that M. Thiers finds himself engaged in besieging fortifications of his own creation; and still keener irony in the further fact, that said fortifications have proved effective neither against foreign foes nor domestic rebellion. It is yet an unsettled question, we believe, whether the so-called defences of Paris were mainly designed to overawe internal disorder or to repel foreign invasion, or were meant to subserve both purposes. Perhaps M. Thiers could tell, if he were willing; but, whatever the design, there can be no dis-

pute about this—that the fortifications of the French capital have failed to effect any useful end whatever. They did not keep out the Germans; they have not kept down the "Reds;" but they do keep out M. Thiers, a result which, to that gentleman at least, must be as unsatisfactory as it can have been little anticipated by him. To be sure, his troops hold possession of some of the outside forts, and so have a vantage-ground from which to batter down the enceinte and shell the city; but the performances of Valérien and its neighbours in this way can hardly afford M. Thiers either pride or pleasure. So the chief of the French Executive, we fancy, must by this time be very much inclined to regret that he ever devised the scheme of fortifying Paris, seeing that said fortifications have only brought trouble, and suffering, and humiliation upon the city, its inhabitants, and its lawful rulers. The Communists, in turning the defences of Paris against M. Thiers, have done something very like hoisting the engineer with his own petard.

Then another curious complication lies in this—that whereas it was always understood, since the Assembly first met at Bordeaux and named M. Thiers chief of the State Executive, that the Minister and his colleagues had much difficulty in checking the reactionary tendency of the Assembly, it would seem that that body has now some trouble in restraining the reactionary tendency of M. Thiers—indeed, is unable to restrain that tendency, and has had to yield its opinions and stultify its decisions in obedience to his dictates. One of the great points in dispute between the Emperor Napoleon and the Liberal Opposition in the late Legislative Body—of which Opposition M. Thiers, M. Jules Favre, and M. Picard were leading members—was as to the right of French towns and cities to choose their own Mayors. This question came before the Assembly again the other day, when it was decided by a majority of ten votes to concede the privilege of choosing their chief magistrates to all French municipal bodies. This, however, was



"DUTY AND DEATH." AN INCIDENT OF THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW ON BRIGHTON DOWNS.—(SEE PAGE 231.)



too much for M. Thiers, who declared that if this resolution were adhered to he must resign; and the Assembly, obedient to his mandate, modified its resolution so as to accord the privilege (for the present, at least) only to places having 20,000 inhabitants and under. Here two curious anomalies arise. First, while every paltry village—however few, and poor, and ignorant, and servile its inhabitants—is thought worthy of self-government, the great, rich, intelligent, and public-spirited cities are to be kept in a state of pupillage, and are deemed fit only to be ruled by Government nominees; and, second, that the Liberal M. Thiers, now that he is in power, is less Liberal than were the Ministers of the ex-Emperor, who had agreed to accord the privilege in dispute to every town in France, Paris alone excepted. How are we to account for this? Were M. Thiers and his co-oppositionists insincere twelve months ago in demanding municipal freedom for France, or have they no longer the courage of their old convictions? M. Thiers and his colleagues may have good grounds for the course they now pursue; but it is only reasonable to ask that those grounds should be stated. The more particularly, as upon this question of municipal liberty the difference between Paris and Versailles appears chiefly to turn.

It would, of course, be absurd to hold that rules good in England should likewise be good in France; but to the people of this country, accustomed as they are to manage all their own local affairs, it does seem passing strange that so very much should be made of so apparently small a matter as the choosing of civic dignitaries; and it seems still more passing strange that what was right, proper, and safe while M. Ollivier was Prime Minister in France, should become wrong, improper, and dangerous now that M. Thiers holds chief sway. To an outside spectator no more effectual means of taking the wind out of the sails of the Parisian insurgents could be devised than that of conceding self-government to the large provincial cities, in which sympathy with the Communists of the capital is sure to be strongest, so long as they have a common grievance; but no longer, for 'tis a common proof that when men's own wrongs are redressed, they can endure those of their neighbours with wonderful equanimity. We marvel that this true, if somewhat cynical, maxim—which, by-the-way, is of French origin—does not commend itself to M. Thiers, who, by liberality to the great provincial centres of population, might do much to conquer Paris by isolating her. Indeed, it would seem that M. Thiers might effectually checkmate the Commune, even on its own ground. As a contemporary patly remarks:—"Would it not be wise to assign to Paris the widest municipal privileges compatible with its organic connection with the rest of France? Paris asks to be governed by a municipal council. Is not this the principle of the government of London? It asks for power to regulate its own finances. Could any municipality pursue the way to bankruptcy more steadily than Baron Haussmann? It claims the right to regulate its own police. The City Police is with us an institution carefully guarded by the City. It desires to manage the education within its walls. London has its School Board. It asks for powers to regulate the Budget of Public Worship, intending, it may or may not be, to abolish altogether the subsidies granted to the different religious bodies in the capital. If such demands stagger the statesmen of France, the best service we can render them, as friendly bystanders free from their peculiar prepossessions, is to advise them to look at them boldly. Let them not be afraid to canvass any of them, especially when it is remembered that they are advanced in the roughest shape, without any note of limitations, qualifications, and provisos that could be easily framed to guard against collision between Paris and France without interfering with the freedom of the capital." However, we suppose M. Thiers and his colleagues know best; but then their policy on this point is one of the things to which Lord Dundreary's aphorism applies with great force: no fellow can understand it.

The Government at Versailles, moreover, are not the only parties in France whose conduct it is difficult to understand. That of the Republicans of Paris is more anomalous still. They affect to desire perfect personal, political, and intellectual liberty for all citizens; and they refuse each of these privileges to every one whom they even suspect of differing from them—of being unable or unwilling to utter their peculiar shibboleths. This is not Republicanism, it is not democracy, it is not freedom; it is tyranny of the most autocratic and galling kind. The Commune pretends to be the organ of liberty; and it refuses to permit public meetings, it suppresses journals, and it imprisons citizens, for no better reason than that meetings, journals, and citizens are—or are supposed to be—hostile to the Commune and its policy. Could Emperor, King, or Autocrat do more, or worse, to damage liberty and bring discredit on Republicanism than this? It is well known, in France and out of it, that a large portion of the French people—stupidly so, perhaps—have a strong aversion to the Republic, and entertain intense fears of its action. Had the Republicans of Paris been wise and discreet men, they would have striven to root out that aversion and to show that those fears were groundless. They would have pursued a moderate, judicious, and rational course. They would have laboured, by legitimate agitation and temperate discussion, to obtain the reforms they desiderated, and to indoctrinate the minds of the rural population with the notion that Republican liberty meant good for all and evil to none. They have done the exact opposite; and, by their violent action, have rendered the rustic horror of Republicanism more intense than ever.

The French Democrats had a grand opportunity; and they have misused it vilely. The field was clear for their action. The Empire was discredited; Legitimacy was out of the question; Orleanism had comparatively few partisans; the Republic might have secured an almost unanimous adhesion; or, in the words of M. Thiers—who appears, by the way, to be wiser in words than in deeds—would have "divided Frenchmen least." That was true a little while ago. Is it true now? or is it likely to be true again for a very long time to come? Once more the Paris Republicans have betrayed the Republic; and once again have they justified the taunt that Frenchmen do not know what real liberty means, and have given warrant for the assertion that autocratic rule and a strong hand are the only things for France. We seek not to measure other men's corn by our own bushel; we will utter no word of abuse; and are content to allow that the members of the Paris Commune, their adherents, and the Revolutionists of France generally, are actuated by sincere and earnest convictions; but we believe, nevertheless, that they have been most unwise in the course they have pursued for the last month, and that they have thereby done irreparable mischief to the cause of rational liberty not only in France, but all over Europe.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Affairs in and around Paris remain in much the same state as last week. The Commune still rules within the city, and fighting goes on to the west and south between the National Guards on the one side and the Versailles troops on the other, with considerable loss to both, but without much positive advantage to either. On Monday and Tuesday there was rather a lull in hostilities, but on Wednesday the fighting was renewed with great vigour. On the south side a heavy cannonade, which commenced on Tuesday evening, was carried on between the forts Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge and the Versailles batteries at Châtillon, simultaneously with a fierce infantry engagement. On the west, Fort Valérien and the batteries at Neuilly and Courbevoie cannonaded the batteries at the Neuilly, Maillot, and Ternes Gates, which the Communists briskly returned. There was also fighting in the Bois de Boulogne and at Asnières. The losses on both sides are said to be heavy, especially on the side of the insurgents. Both sides are busy strengthening their positions. The besiegers have extended their left as far as St. Ouen, almost close up to the Prussians, so that Paris is again invested. They are also strengthening themselves at Neuilly, Courbevoie, and Puteaux. The insurgents are not idle; they are repairing the damage done at the Porte Maillot, mounting guns on the ramparts, and adding generally to their means of defence. Ladislas Dombrowski, the new commander of the Paris National Guards, has issued a report, dated the 10th inst., which declares that the military positions of the insurgents remain undisturbed, and that any statement to the contrary can only be made with a view to demoralise the population. A squabble between a Prussian and a National Guard, who went out armed towards St. Denis, led to a slight conflict, which some members of the Commune, with a flag of truce, tried to stop; but the Prussians declined to recognise the Commune. Shells fall inside Paris in considerable numbers; much damage has been done, and the bas-reliefs on the Arc de Triomphe are beginning to suffer.

Pillage still goes on in Paris, the cathedral of Notre Dame and several churches having been sacked. Among the latest victims is a solicitor, whose house has been broken into and ransacked, 10,000fr. and various papers being abstracted. Priests continue to be arrested in large numbers. The Curés of Ste. Geneviève and St. Eustache have now to be added to the list. The Archbishop of Paris is confined in Mazas prison.

In anticipation apparently of an attack in the streets of Paris the insurgents have begun to erect fresh barricades, and it is said that it will be impossible to take them without very severe fighting. A barricade commission has been formed.

A manifesto issued by "the Republican League for the Defence of the Rights of Paris" has been published. It protests against a French Government continuing the work of the Prussians by bombarding Paris, and says it is time to put an end to a fratricidal struggle which is only prolonged through horrible misunderstandings. Paris wants to rule herself, and provide her own army; but she does not want to separate herself from the rest of France. She has been more oppressed for the last twenty years than the rest of the country, and is desirous of regaining her rights. If the Government of Versailles remains deaf to her claims the city will rise as one man to defend them.

The insurgent Government has suppressed the grade of General, as being incompatible with the Democratic character of the National Guards. Citizen Cluseret, the Minister of War, at the same time rebukes the National Guards for their love of military finery.

Two well-known Paris papers, the *Siccle* and the *Temps*, have been suppressed by the Commune.

General Henry, recently taken prisoner by the troops and conveyed to Versailles, escaped, after stabbing the sentinel who guarded him, and is now in Paris again.

A meeting of women was to be held in Paris on Tuesday night, for the purpose of forming committees throughout the city to render assistance to the insurgents. It is proposed that the women shall arm themselves as well as they can, and take their place at the barricades.

It is not true, as has been stated, that when the pillage of religious houses began in Paris our Ambassador offered the Embassy to the Carmelite nuns. The only foundation for the story is this:—One of the daughters of the Duchess of Norfolk, and a relative of his Excellency, is in the Carmelite community, and Lord Lyons sent orders to Paris that if their convent was in danger the security of his residence should be offered to his niece.

Marshal M'Mahon on Tuesday assumed the chief command of the Versailles army. General Ladmirault commands on the Valérien side, and General Cissey at Châtillon.

In the Assembly, last Saturday, during a debate on the Municipal Elections Bill, M. Lefevre Pontalis opposed clause 9, which vests in the Executive Power the right of appointing Mayors of towns whose population is more than 6000. He said that towns should not be treated less favourably than villages. M. Picard declared that this question would be reserved for the time when organic laws should be discussed. After having heard several other speakers, the House divided, and decided, by 285 votes against 275, that all Mayors should be elected by the municipal councils. The Committee thereupon proposed a new amendment providing that the Mayors should be provisionally appointed by decree for all towns whose population was above 20,000, as well as for the chief town of each department and arrondissement. M. Thiers made a speech in which he declared that the Government could not accept such a situation, adding, "You wish for order, and you deprive us of the means necessary for its preservation." He formally stated that he could not retain power on such conditions. The Assembly then voted, by a great majority, the amendment proposed by the Commission.

On Monday M. Jules Favre made a speech, in which he stated that the insurrection in Paris had caused all the European Powers to express their sympathy with the Government of Versailles. It

was not true that any understanding had been entered into between that Government and the Germans. The Commune had sent a letter to General Fabrice declaring that it considered itself bound by the Treaty of Peace, and asking whether the first instalment of the war indemnity had been paid, as in that case the northern forts would have to be evacuated. General Fabrice did not, however, reply. M. Jules Favre, in conclusion, said that the Versailles Government would do its duty, and re-establish order in Paris. On Tuesday afternoon, during one of the interminable discussions on the Municipalities Bill, M. Randot mentioned that some time ago an Englishman, complaining of the manner in which things were done in our metropolis, said, "What we want for the municipality of London is your Napoleon III. for two or three years." There were loud murmurs in the Chamber, and M. Emile Arago exclaimed, "They have him now, and let them keep him."

M. Thiers has sent the following circular to the Prefects:—"Order reigns in France, with the exception of Paris. The Government will act when the moment arrives. Up to the present, insignificant movements only have taken place, and accounts of the Commune are as false as are its principles. Deny the victory claimed by the Federals at Châtillon. Last night an empty fusillade took place at Clamart. The army awaits the moment of victory which will be gained without bloodshed. The insurrection is weary. Delegates have arrived at Versailles. If sent by the Commune they would not have been received, but they were received because they were sincere Republicans of Paris. My answer to them was invariably—'No one menaces the Republic except assassins. The lives of the insurgents shall be spared. The unfortunate workmen shall temporarily continue to be subsidised. Paris must return into the common municipal law. All secession will be suppressed in France, as was done in America.' This is my answer."

Additional particulars have come to hand from Marseilles of the recent fighting in that city. Order was not finally restored on the 4th until nine o'clock in the evening, the struggle having commenced early in the morning. There was a strong party among the poorer classes in the town which sympathised with the insurgents. A great deal of damage was done by the bombardment to the houses in the neighbourhood of the Prefecture. The Prefecture itself suffered terribly, one side being much injured. The loss of life proves to be more than was at first supposed. The troops had thirty killed and wounded, and five sailors. Among the insurgents there were seventy dead and 200 wounded. About 400 prisoners were made, and of these a large number were shot at once. The inhabitants of the city lay the blame of the insurrection upon the Garibaldians. That a certain number of Italians took part in the rising is beyond a doubt; but everyone is aware that the movement was mainly due to the lower class of people in Marseilles, instigated by the delegates of the Paris Commune. Almost all the foreigners who fell into the hands of the troops were shot at once, without any kind of trial; and non-naturalised foreigners who have arrived in the town since Sept. 1 last have now been ordered to leave within forty-eight hours.

SPAIN.

It is stated that Minister Zorilla has been fired at while travelling on the Northern Railway; he escaped unhurt.

The Generals exiled to the Balearic Isles have received permission to return to Spain.

It is expected that the elections of 170 Deputies will be declared valid next week. Twenty elections are considered to be of doubtful validity.

Mr. Lazard has presented a claim to the Spanish Government for indemnification for the ransom paid by Mr. Rankin, who, together with his wife, was seized by sixteen brigands outside the town of Denia, in Alicante, and forced to pay 1000 dols. The Prefect of Alicante has been ordered to send in a report of the steps which have been taken in the matter.

GERMANY.

A meeting, numerously attended by many of the most respectable citizens, was held in Munich, on Monday, at which an address to the Government was unanimously adopted in reference to the new religious doctrines which recently emanated from Rome. The Government is requested by all means at its disposal to oppose these doctrines, in consequence of their dangerous tendencies, and to prohibit their propagation in all public educational establishments, and likewise to take measures to place the relations of Church and State on a firmer legal basis.

AUSTRIA.

Vice-Admiral Tegethoff died on the 7th inst., after a short illness. The Emperor has addressed a letter to the Minister of Marine, which is to be circulated among the Imperial navy, and which deplores the death of Vice-Admiral von Tegethoff. The Emperor says that he has lost in him a truly devoted and sincere servant; the State has lost one of its most eminent men, and the navy has lost the hero whose deeds of arms belong to the most illustrious pages of the history of war. The Emperor orders that a solemn funeral service shall be held on board all ships of war in commission and at all naval stations. The flags are to be borne half-mast high for a fortnight.

ROUMANIA.

The Communal Council has been dissolved by a decree of Prince Charles, and new elections have been ordered.

TURKEY.

Monseigneur Bahdarian, who was recently appointed Patriarch of Cilicia and Catholics of the Armenian Catholics, has sent, conjointly with his seven Archbishops and Bishops, a letter to Rome professing attachment to the Catholic Church and rejecting as false the calumnies and accusations of their enemies.

SWEDEN.

The King has recovered from his illness. The Dowager Queen is also restored to health. The obsequies of the late Queen are fixed for the 21st inst.

THE UNITED STATES.

The House of Representatives at Washington, on Monday, passed the Amnesty Bill removing the disabilities from all engaged in the rebellion except members of Congress, officers of the United States army and navy, and members of the State Conventions which adopted the ordinance of Secession.

A grand German festival was held in New York, on Monday, to celebrate the conclusion of peace, the German victories, and the unity of the Fatherland. There was an imposing procession of German troops, industrial societies, singing and other clubs. The procession was reviewed by Governor Hoffman and Mayor Hall, and was five hours passing. The residences of the German citizens were profusely decorated with flags, and there was great enthusiasm.

A fight has occurred between the United States and Mexican troops, in which the Federal Commander of Fort Goodwin and forty of his soldiers were killed. The Mexicans had pursued the Indian depredators from Chihuahua into the territory of the United States.

A TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.—Last Saturday experiments were made on the Indo-European line, via Teheran, to work direct without any re-transmission between England and India. This hitherto unprecedented result was actually attained. Communication was first established direct between London and Kurrachee. The director at Kurrachee sent the following message to London:—"Kurrachee, 8th, 5.36 p.m.—This message is the first really sent from India to England instantaneously. By Indo-European line we work now easily and quickly direct with London.—WALTON." A commercial message was forwarded from London direct to Kurrachee for Calcutta immediately afterwards. Kurrachee then put the line direct through to Bombay. Bombay and London then interchanged signals perfectly, and a commercial message was sent to Bombay direct by London at 1.58 p.m., and was instantly acknowledged. This is the first occasion on which the telegraph has worked direct without any re-transmission between England and India. The distance from London to Bombay by the Indo-European line is 6000 miles.

PARIS IN CIVIL WAR.

Paris, Good Friday.

LATE in March, 1848, a friend awoke me early one morning with free passes for Paris. That night we saw the Place Vendôme by moonlight, with a solitary armed figure keeping watch by the column, the sole visible National Guard. On the 1st of April we saw the Provisional Government—Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Albert (ouvrier), Lamartine, and the rest—seated under banners and braveries on a grand stand at the foot of the Arch of Triumph, watching the march of three hundred thousand men. They were singing, cheering, and shouting, wild with joy; pouring up the Champs Elysées, a vast glittering flood of men and steel, moving through a blue crowd. It was the fraternisation of the army with the National Guard, and it was a grand sight. What followed is matter of history. The Reds got up and they were put down. Curious to see this new Red Revolution, on April 3, 1871, I followed my former route by night and slept most of the way. At Calais the news was that 4000 men had been killed in attacking Mont Valérien. It was a canard, of course. At various stations along the road solitary Prussians stood sentry. Near Paris they were seen grouped about fires, cooking, and their German inscriptions over doors told that the enemy held the northern road to Paris. Therefore my retreat was secure. At the station a gentleman of the Octroi asked if I had anything to eat in my bag, and I stood in Paris without adventure. I came prepared to carry my own luggage, believing that all the horses had been eaten. I found cabs and porters and omnibuses in profusion. I ate my breakfast at my hotel, where there was a very fat cat, and then I went out for a walk. Next day I took another walk, and next day a third. It may interest your readers to know what I saw in walking forty-five miles. In the morning the streets were remarkably quiet. All the people seemed to be occupied in their usual vocations. Old women were carrying yard-long Parisian leaves; shop-people were sweeping their doors, yawning, and scratching their heads placidly. But whole ranges of shops were shut up. Inscriptions declared that these large shops, with cellars, were to be let immediately; but there were no applicants. There was the general look of a watering-place out of season about the town at first. But as the day wore on people came out in shoals, and the general impression now left is that Paris is very like Paris so long as one does not go to look for the civil war.

And now let me try to give those who have not seen Paris some notion of the shape of the country. Like the Thames, the Seine meanders in a hollow between two ranges of higher ground. As Harrow, Hampstead, and Highgate are to Sydenham, Wimbledon, and Richmond, so are the rising grounds on each side of this river. As a spectator at Campden hill can see the Crystal Palace when smoke permits, so a spectator at the Trocadéro, looking southwards, can see the heights of Meudon and Clamart, and the forts of Issy, Vanvres, and Montrouge. These forts are about 6000 metres from the Trocadéro; and Meudon and Clamart are about 3000 metres from them.

The political geography of the Revolution may be thus applied to London:—The Reds are at the Mansion House; their army is in ruined forts about Clapham; the other army is about Sydenham and Wimbledon; the other Government is at Richmond; and the invaders are at Highgate and Harrow, and all over the north. Spectators are at the waterworks at Campden-hill, looking south. A cloud of white smoke rises about Clapham, another smaller cloud appears about the Crystal Palace, and a spectator remarks, "That is a bomb which explodes on the plateau of Clamart." A white puff rises among some trees on a rise to the right towards Wimbledon; a cloud appears above the fort at Clapham, and two reports follow as fast as sound can travel after light. "Behold the Château de Meudon which has cast an obus into Issy!" "Ah! ça! That is sad." "Crrrrash!" "Ah! la mitrailleuse!" "Pop, pop, pop. The small arms, the skirmishers. Oh! that ought not to be." "To nourish soldiers to come and fire upon Paris! That is too bad!" "Oh! another bang. That is too strong, for example." "There is Issy which gives! There is Vanvres! There is Montrouge! Ah! it is terrible." "Good morning, Sir." "I have the honour to salute you. Farewell." And so the curious cluster at the Trocadéro, and converse and watch the battle which has been going on ever since Sunday. There is no danger whatever for them. All about the place business goes on as if there were no civil war. The white smoke of the battle is mingled with the smoke of factories and the white steam of engines hard at work, and not a sound reaches Paris to tell the citizens that war is going on towards Clamart and Meudon. Sometimes it comes nearer. The spectators at the Trocadéro yesterday heard firing behind them, and some ran over the hill to see what was up. There is no Valérien near London, but the place of it would be about Hanwell. Valérien was blazing northwards at Neuilly or at something else, and some other place in that direction, and some unknown battery close to the Arch of Triumph was shooting as hard as ever it could. The Bois de Boulogne seemed to be full of sharpshooters, and every now and then the crash of a mitrailleuse joined in with the blaze of a platoon. "Viva l'armée blanche," said one old fellow, who seemed well pleased. "These are the Prussians of Versailles who advance," said another. "The rustics," said a third. "They will enter pell-mell shortly," said a politician with an opera-glass. "They will have to meet the National Guard," said one with keen eyes. But the grand chorus, in which all joined, was "How well we fight! If they had only used the National Guard of Paris against the Prussians they would have swept the heights. That is now certain; that is proven. Behold!" "Whizz, bang!" said Valérien. "Oh, oh!" said the audience, exactly like people at Vauxhall when a good rocket goes off. "Come, Sir," said a Frenchman; "I know a good place to see the battle. Come along." So we went to a newly-built house near a gate, and looked out over the country at Valérien and the houses of Neuilly, and wondered what it could all mean. We don't know now. Presently our gate opened, and about one hundred National Guards went out, and spread like a line of sportsmen beating a covert. And so they went out into the woods of Boulogne. They found nothing to shoot at there, but they gradually disappeared among the trees, silently, while their comrades lined the ramparts. The battle had gone westwards, apparently; but a battery near at hand, and two or three far away, kept blazing at something invisible and incomprehensible, while Valérien kept silence. There crowds of people were visible with the glass, all looking down upon the plain and the battle. At the Arch of Triumph was a crowd of some thousands. Three carriages full of American ladies and gentlemen, pretty nursemaids and children in crowds, coats and blouses, marketwomen, costermongers, newsboys, carts and carter, every class in Paris was represented, and all were gazing west down a straight road. At 1000 metres in front was a gate, and there was a Parisian battery firing west. At 3000 metres was a broken-down wall crossing the road, at the river side, and thereabouts was another battery firing west, as it appeared. At 4000 metres a good glass showed a statue with two black dots and a lot of men, and presently these showed themselves to be guns and gunners by firing up our road. Their shells were supposed to be aimed at our gate, a thousand metres in front of the crowd, where guns were firing back at the Rond Point de Courbevoie. Had these "Prussians of Versailles" been minded to raise their guns a very little they might have shot into a large covey of friends and foes, natives and foreigners, who seemed to look on the whole proceeding as a spectacle got up for their entertainment. And so it is everywhere; nobody seems to heed the civil war and its battles. Close to the battering gate little girls were hopping and skipping about on their doorsteps, women sat knitting and working, carriages drove about, pedestrians smoked and sauntered more composedly than citizens of Brighton at a review of volunteers. That is the outward semblance of the civil war as it exists outside the walls.

Inside there is something passing strange in the aspect of familiar places. In the Place Vendôme are gathered the Generals of the Revolution. A "drystone dyke" of paving stones at each

end gives the place the look of a sheep park in Galloway. At the place where a sheep might go in a black-muzzled gun peeps out, and those who go in first find strange figures sauntering about. A fat shopkeeper in full fig, a long-haired bony Republican, a man with a club foot, one with a hunch on his back, soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, guards, and blackguards of every sort and kind, are there smoking and chatting and playing at revolution with the most perfect sang-froid and good humour. At the Hôtel de Ville is another set of drystone dykes, and a large flock of cannons in another park, guarded by good-humoured sentries. "Citizen, where go you?" said one. "Citizen, nowhere; I saunter." "Then, citizen, I beg you to retire, for I have here many prisoners, and no one must pass this way. But if you earnestly desire to glance in"—"No, citizen, by no means; I would not desire to break the orders. I will go round." "I have the honour." Salutes, hats. And so on the ramparts. "Citizen, one does not mount." "But here is a pass from the Commune. I am not an enemy." "Enemy or friend, you cannot mount here. But if you wish to cast an eye"—"Thank you, yes;" and up you go. "How said it all is!" "Ah! yes. I have been here for three days." And that seems to be the burden of the song. "It is very sad," with a silent thought of "I wish I were well out of it, safe at home, and hard at work."

"These Parisians," said one of them, "have the idea that they are able to conquer Prussia; that they are able to conquer the army; that the army is with them; that they have but to declare and all the world will follow them; that they have an army waiting to rise in Italy, one in London, and one in Germany. That proves they have something in the head (raps his forehead) here. These poor devils marched out to Versailles, past Mont Valérien, and then Valérien cut their column in half and spared them." "Citizen," said a blouse, "the Line are for us; but do you know how they are treated? They are forced to march first, and the Gendarmes march after them with their revolvers, and make them fire upon us, the canaille!"

To me it seems that a lot of enthusiasts, who quarrel and have no plan, have roused a set of ignorant men, who drive the unwilling to join in marching and countermarching, drumming and shooting, while all the idle vagabonds and ruined and broken men of this great city swell the crowd and the army of Paris to gain the pay and the sport of playing at soldiers behind the ramparts. Some are ready to fight anything or anybody, and do fight with great pluck. But there is no "go" in this Revolution. It must soon crumble, if I can judge the tone of the hundreds with whom I have spoken during these three days. Not one man has spoken well of any one name in the Commune; not one has spoken rationally of the cause of the civil war; not one has spoken as if he knew anything practically of politics, or social ideas, or geography, or foreigners, or facts.

It seems as if a few madmen had got the upper hand in a city full of excellent, civil, good-natured, pugnacious, vain, ignorant Celts, who attribute every misfortune to some traitor. "We are sold and delivered; we are betrayed; the Emperor is a canaille, that is known; Thiers is another; so is Jules Favre. The Assembly had best disperse; the Assembly has gone; the Assembly is a traitor. Our Generals are fools." Everybody (excepting the speaker) is something worthy only of supreme contempt; and everything is wrong, except as above. For the rest, Paris is like a bird shot in the head. It flaps its wings and paddles its legs as if it were alive. The streets are swept and carefully watered, the cafés are open, the buses and railroads go on as usual. To all outward appearance, the city goes on as if there was nothing unusual about it. We mount a hill and look out, and there is civil war raging furiously, while the damaged head is uttering incoherent nonsense in proclamations "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," and in journals that seem to be the ravings of downright obscene insanity.

Take it all, and Paris is the most extraordinary sight that I have ever seen. The state of it is the best lesson for our Republicans, for it is the actual result of impossible theories put in action. If our English theorists would but cross the Channel their common-sense would cure them, and we should hear no more of the English Commune. There is no sort of danger in coming here, and it is well worth the trouble.—Occasional Correspondent of the "Times."

THE FOUNDATION-STONE of a new Foresters' Hall, which is about to be erected in Wilderness-row, Clerkenwell, was laid on Wednesday by the Lord Mayor.

AMERICA ON HERSELF.—The Sacramento Record says as follows:—"Americans are a money-loving and a money-making people. Does it ever strike any of them how much it costs to make money? For example: The salt of wealth so overrides every other consideration in this country that fraud in trade is the rule instead of the exception. We poison all our provisions with adulterations. We poison even our drugs with cheaper material. We sell shoddy for wool. We sell veneering for solid wood. We make abominable messes and call them whisky. We make horrible rolls of nastiness and call them cigars. We build wretched shells of bad brick and bad mortar and green wood, and call them houses. We rob and cheat each other all round and in every trade and business, and we are so bent on making money that we have not time or inclination to protest against even the most palpable frauds, but console ourselves when we discover that we have been imposed upon by going forth and swindling somebody else. We pay a very heavy price for our national idleness. We kill each other quicker than is at all necessary. We pay two or three prices for very inferior articles, as a rule. We spend much money and get very little in return, and we are rapidly destroying our national sense of honesty and integrity. In those benighted and slavish countries which are ruled by monarchs they contrive to live a great deal cheaper and a good deal better than we can. There fraud is regarded as criminal, and the impostor when detected is punished severely. There tricks of trade are looked upon as evils, and are treated as such. There honest weights and measures are used. There woe betide the contractor or architect who shall put up a house in American fashion. There commercial transactions are based upon fair dealing, and the merchant and trader who should be caught in an openly dishonest scheme would be ostracised, if not proceeded against legally. But those are old fogy countries, the people of which know nothing about liberty; who have no Fourth of July, or Wall-street, or cod-fish or shoddy aristocracies, and who do not recognise the fact that the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness (which means money) entitles every man to cheat his neighbours and bars redress."

THE SURPLUS OF LAST YEAR.—There has been a most remarkable change in the aspect of the last financial year since we last wrote. The surplus of the year will not be anything like as large as we led our readers to expect. According to the account of March 25 the revenue was then £2,394,000 in excess of the expenditure. But there has been a very large expenditure in the last week, or rather the last five days of the financial year. From the usual note which we append to the weekly account it will be seen that there was spent in these five days:—Charges on Consolidated Fund, £104,868; Supply Services, 3,305,660;—£3,410,528. And as the receipts of revenue were only £1,412,971, the aspect of the accounts of the year is entirely changed. We warned our readers that the aspect of the account might be changed before the end of the year, but we did not expect it to be changed nearly so much. The large expenditure in the last week of the year we understand is due to the new system of compelling the departments to surrender their balances. Formerly, if a vote was unexpended within the year, the balance stood to the credit of the department, and it might be expended in the following year without a fresh vote. Now unexpended balances must be surrendered to the Exchequer, and a fresh vote obtained. The result is that the spending services endeavour to pay within the year as much as possible of the liabilities which are really incurred within it. The accounts of contractors and others are consequently sent in as near the close of the year as possible, and cheques are drawn at the last moment. Hence the large issues from the Exchequer in the last week of the year. The balance of the year now stands as follows:—Income, £69,945,220; expenditure, £69,548,539; surplus, £396,681. This will not give Mr. Lowe much ready money for the ensuing year, even if he should think of applying it to the necessities of the year. The results brought out, however, are nevertheless very creditable to the Government. The situation at the end of the year is ever so much better than we had any reason to expect, after the large votes of credit found necessary subsequent to the completion of the financial arrangements of the year. We have only to compare the final estimates with the actual result:—Estimates: revenue, £67,634,000; expenditure, £69,486,000; estimated deficit, £1,852,000. Account: revenue, £69,945,220; expenditure, £69,548,539; surplus, £396,681; total improvement upon estimate, £2,248,681. So that the Government now is two millions and a quarter to the good, compared with the estimates of the year. And we believe that there are supplementary estimates which will make the contrast still more favourable.—Economist.

SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

INTELLIGENCE has been received of the decease of the great Circassian warrior Schamyl, at Medina, in the course of the pilgrimage to Mecca, to perform which he had obtained permission from the Russian Government. Schamyl was at the ripe old age of seventy-three, having been born in 1797, in the village of Himry, in the north of Daghestan. He was a member of an obscure family, but was instructed by the Arab Djelad Eddin in the doctrines of Souphisana, according to which in each century a man should appear who, by passing through the four degrees of religious perfection, should become a Mursheed, or an Elect of God, commanding other men in His name. To Schamyl an acquaintance with this doctrine became a desire and a will to exemplify it in his own person, and he determined to become a Mursheed. In 1824 he joined the banner of Kasi-Mollah, then head of the Circassian tribes, who had declared a holy war against Russia, which was waged until 1831, to the advantage of the Circassians. In October of that year, however, the Russians brought overwhelming forces into the field, drove the tribes from position after position, and surrounded them in Himry, where Kasi-Mollah and his whole force were destroyed. Schamyl was supposed to have perished with them, and turned the idea to account by proclaiming his resurrection, which was extensively credited, although Hamfad Bey was chosen chief. Schamyl submitted without a murmur to the choice of the tribe; but some time afterwards Hamfad was murdered along with his guards or mureeds, of whom Schamyl was one. He escaped, as if by miracle, for the second time, and now was considered as undoubtedly the Prophet and Sultan of the Caucasus, notwithstanding the schism of Pacha Hadji, who, up to 1837, disputed with him the title of Mursheed. From this year the brilliant successes gained by Schamyl over the Russian Generals Ivelitch and Hail destroyed all divisions by awakening a general enthusiasm. With but a few handfuls of men, he held large armies in check, defended his mountains foot by foot, and by skilful artifices drew the enemy from time to time into defiles, whence they were compelled to make disastrous retreats. More than ten Russian Generals successively led the armies opposed to him, and Woronzoff, with 160,000 men, was only saved from destruction in the Valley of Akfai by the opportune arrival of General Freitag with reinforcements. The Russians tried the new plan of burning down the forests; but Schamyl, whose forces were now considerably increased, came from his hiding-places, seized some of the Russian fortresses, invaded the provinces beyond the Caucasus, and carried home a rich booty. By continually threatening Stavropol and Tiflis, he occupied the attention of a portion of the Russian forces; and thus, without any concert, aided the Allies at the time of the Crimean War. Like some other celebrated chiefs, Schamyl has been returned as killed many times, each time to appear at some fresh point with renewed vigour. At length, in December, 1859, he was surrounded by overwhelming forces, and became a prisoner in the hands of the Russians, who took him to St. Petersburg, where his son (previously captured) was at the time a prisoner. From that time till the present he has remained in Russia; but recently obtained permission to make the pilgrimage to the tomb of Mohammed, in the course of which he has died.

Schamyl was not merely a skilful partisan warrior, and eminently successful in sustaining his character of prophet, but he also laboured sedulously to found a nation by the fusion of the tribes of the Caucasus. He is said to have possessed in a high degree the beauty of the Caucasian, and to have been remarkably eloquent, while his pride and inflexible steadiness never failed to secure respect and admiration. He was also most temperate in his habits, and his administration was characterised by wisdom and economy. In 1861 a letter from Schamyl to Abd-el-Kader was published, in which the latter was congratulated on his behaviour towards the Christians during the disturbances in Syria, when the Algerine hero defended the latter against the Druses, for which services Napoleon III. sent him the grand cross of the Legion of Honour.

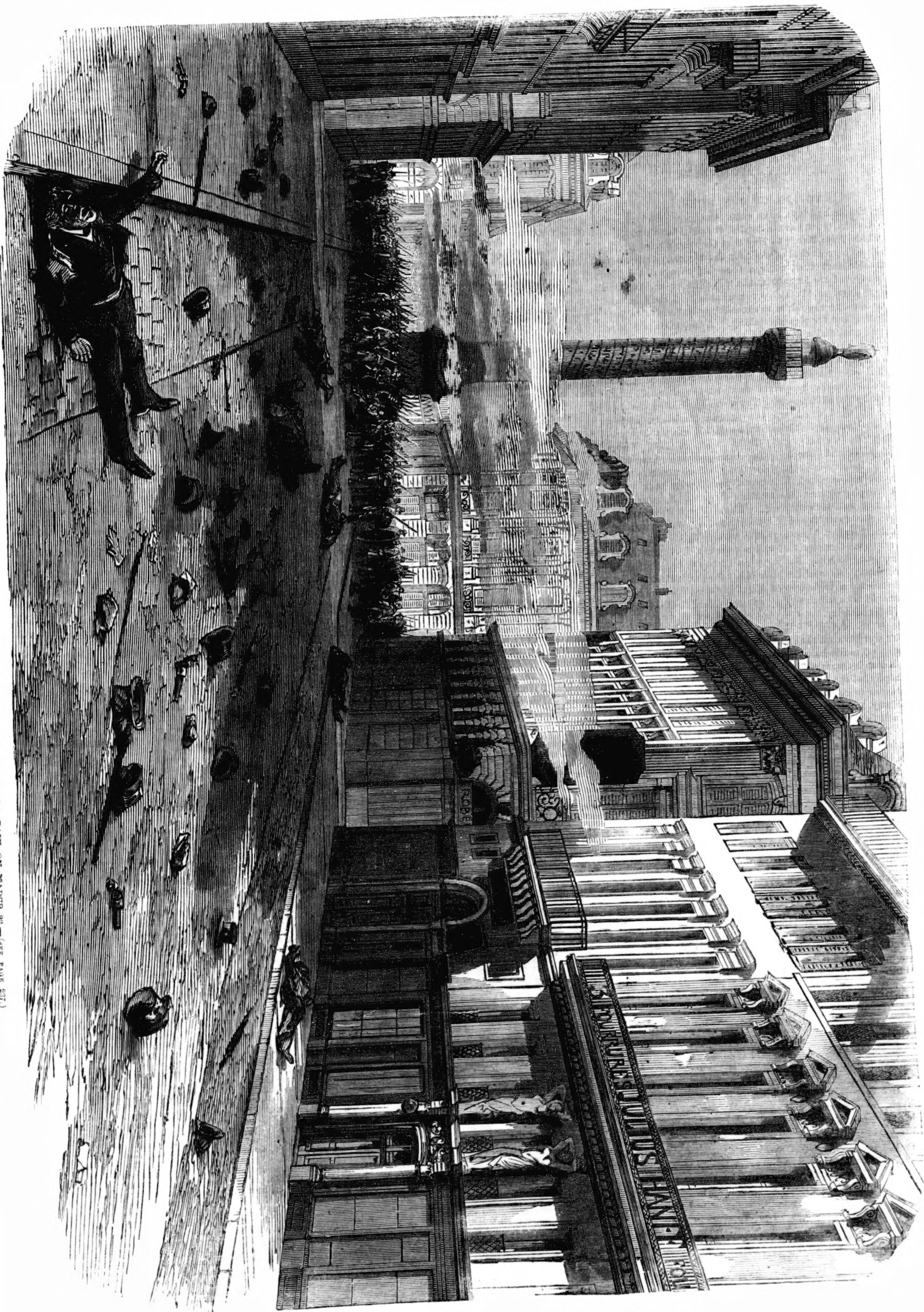
LOCAL TAXATION IN IRELAND.

THE returns of local taxation in Ireland show that, in the year 1869, the entire estimated receipts (other than money borrowed) of Irish authorities in charge of local taxation amounted to £2,747,777. Eighty-four per cent was raised by rates on land and buildings, and 13 per cent by tolls, dues, fees, and other local taxes; in England, in 1868, these two ratios were rather over 72 and 16 per cent respectively. The remaining receipts in both countries were money applicable in ease of local taxation. In Ireland 39 per cent of the local taxation of the year was under the management of county authorities, 29 per cent was under poor-law authorities, above 17 per cent was under town authorities, nearly 10 per cent was under harbour authorities, and above 2 per cent under inland navigation and drainage authorities. The most remarkable local taxes in Ireland are those on the trade of pawnbroking, under ancient Irish statutes, and the "toll thorough," formerly levied at every corporate town, but now in Galway alone. "Toll thorough" is a tax at the entrance of towns on every saleable article passing, whether sold or not. It was granted to Galway, in 1395, by a charter of King Richard II. The ancient trust was for repairing the fortified walls and paving the town; but in 1836 the tolls were vested in Improvement Commissioners, by statute, for paving, lighting, cleansing, and watching the town, the surplus to be applied for watering the town, erecting fountains, providing fire-engines, and erecting a market-house, shambles, public cranes, and weighing-places. It is, in fact, a tax levied upon the agricultural produce of the surrounding country for the purpose of defraying expenses which should in justice be borne by local taxation. In Ireland the division of rates between owner and occupier has been carried out since 1838 under the Irish poor law, and has been extended to county cess by the Irish Land Act of 1870, but has not yet been extended to town taxation; there is no prohibition of contracts against a division, and Irish legislation made no provision for its application to existing contracts. Dr. Neilson Hancock states in the report now presented with the returns from which we have quoted, that, owing to the difference in principle, difference in administration, difference in point of revision, and difference in deduction of local rates between the valuations used for local rating in Ireland and in England and Wales, it is impossible to do more than arrive at a rough approximation to the relative burdens in Ireland and in England and in Wales, as compared with the true annual value of the real property upon which in both countries it is mainly imposed. Bearing in mind how rough any comparison must be, it may be observed that the estimated receipts by local authorities in Ireland in 1869 amounts to 4s. 2d. on the Irish valuation of lands and buildings; the corresponding receipts in England and Wales in 1868 amounts to 4s. 7d. in the £1 on the English valuation. In consequence of the difference of proportion of other receipts and other taxes, the rates on houses and lands in Ireland in 1869 may be estimated at 3s. 6d. in the £1 on the Irish valuation, and the rates on houses and lands in England and Wales in 1868 may be estimated at 3s. 4d. in the £1 on the English valuation. The receipts of local authorities in 1869 in Ireland amounted to 9s. 11d. per head of population; and in England and Wales in 1868 to £1 1s. 5d. per head of population. If 2s. 2½d. per head of population be added to the Irish proportion of receipts for the extent to which the Irish contribution for police, from the local taxes, is less than it would be if the contribution was in the same proportion between local and general taxes as in England and Wales, it appears that to provide for the same wants of the population, 12s. 4½d. per head is spent in Ireland and £1 1s. 5d. per head in England and Wales.

A BRIGHTON TRADESMAN was summoned last Saturday, at the Westminster Police Court, for having sent by railway two tin cases of gunpowder, some ball cartridges, and percussion-caps, without giving due notice to the company. The defendant urged that he had acted through ignorance, and the magistrate imposed a penalty of £3 only, with £2 costs.



THE NEW BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS: A RUINED HOME.—(SEE PAGE 217.)



THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS: THE MASSACRE IN THE PLACE VENDÔME AND RUE DE LA PAIX ON MARCH 22—(SEE PAGE 227.)

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TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

THE Easter holidays have come and gone; and, though some benefit must have attended them, it is as certain as east winds from March to May that they must have left behind them a great deal of work for the doctors. It is a very remarkable fact that, while a thousand things of the kind pass away and are forgotten, the religious or ecclesiastical holidays survive. It is also remarkable that the Lent and Easter seasons should be so exceedingly unfavourable both for fasting and for pleasure-taking. A fast when the wind is in the east, and a lounge in the country under the same condition—it is not easy to say which is the more unwholesome for sensitive people. In the recent weather the entire physical energies of all but persons in rude health were required to enable the system to resist the demands made upon it by the chilling air. The warm sun heated the skin, the cold wind dried up the gentle moisture, and a cold was the inevitable consequence. Harsh as it seems to say so, we do not doubt that, in fact, Easter Monday caused more pain than pleasure to most of the holiday-makers. Anything more uncomfortable than the pale-cheeked, blue-nosed people who were to be seen trooping homewards towards dusk on Monday last, could not well be conceived. There is ample reason to believe that too many of the men got tipsy, and that, what with the "moiled" mothers and what with the blustering fathers, some thousands of children had a bad time of it before going to bed. But it is an immense consolation to reflect that in some of the police districts—we believe in most of them—not a single case of disorderly conduct came before the magistrates which could be traced either to Good Friday or Easter Monday.

The war between the proprietors of theatres and the proprietors of music-halls is going on with unabated vigour. Mr. Knox, before whom one of the cases was heard, expressed his hope that the parties would lay their heads together and endeavour to get the law amended. We also have, in our small way, a hope: we hope for the millennium! We hope the lion will lie down with the lamb some day. But the day is not yet. And, though the Alhambra appears to have "caved in" and determined to become a theatre, there is still war to the teeth between the two classes of parties interested. How should it be otherwise? What right the law has to try and define a "stage play" or to say that you shall not see one and drink a glass of sherry at the same time, is an awful mystery. We defy almost anyone to read the evidence taken before the recent Committee which recommended a change in the law, and to avoid the conclusion that the antiquated legislation upon this subject, along with the resistance of a Lord Chamberlain, has been the cause of miserable demoralisation and degradation all round. The music-halls have become fifty times worse than they were at first, and the theatres have degraded themselves by entering into competition with them. Now, this is an extremely easy question, and one on which we believe a bill could readily be carried through both Houses if it were brought in by members to whom no suspicion could attach that they were prompted by the licensed victuallers. The subject of public amusements is not a trivial one either. Will no independent members try their hands at a measure which shall remove the existing anomalies?

To the remonstrants in the Purchas case, the Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed a letter which is full of wisdom, and also of innocence. His Grace says:—"Suffer me, dear Brethren, in conclusion, to beg you not to be disquieted by any strifes respecting matters affecting the vestments or posture of the clergy. Such things cannot touch your teaching of the Gospel of Christ, or affect the validity of His sacraments. In days when every effort is required to resist ungodliness and infidelity, all our zeal and energy ought to be directed to the promotion of real religion amongst our people." The simplicity of this is touching. It appears, then, that his Grace is actually not aware that the remonstrants would deny both the major and the minor of the syllogism here implied. The Ritualists maintain that "such things" do most vitally affect the "teaching of the Gospel" and the "validity of the sacraments." They also insist that the "promotion of real religion" is essentially aided by those appeals through the imagination which a splendid symbolic ritual enables them to make. His Grace does not think so, but what is the good of a simple contradiction? The only argument that could possibly touch the case of the remonstrants must be one which admits for the sake of the argument their own position, and then

dictates a policy or expounds a principle on the footing of *quand même*. We sadly fear his Grace has wasted ink and paper in writing this pastoral.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES was prematurely delivered of a Prince on the 6th inst., who unhappily died next day, and was buried at Sandringham on Tuesday. Satisfactory accounts continue to be received from Sandringham respecting the condition of the Princess of Wales.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has appointed the Right Hon. J. R. Mowbray, M.P., to be a Church Estates Commissioner, in the room of the late Mr. E. Howes.

THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty; Rear-Admiral Mends, C.B., Director of Transports; and Captain Robert Hall, C.B., Controller of the Navy, have consented to become Vice-Presidents of the Institution of Naval Architects.

MR. CHILDERS has left England for the Continent, accompanied by Mrs. Childers.

CAPTAIN COLOMB, R.N., is now engaged, under the direction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in making inquiry into the method of lighting her Majesty's ships, with a view to economical improvements.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON is reported to be unwell. He has been confined to his room at Camden House, Chiselmhurst, for several days past.

MR. JOHN WICKENS, the eminent Chancery barrister, has been selected to succeed Sir John Stuart in the post of Vice-Chancellor.

MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE, lessee and manager of the Haymarket Theatre, has presented a petition to the Court of Bankruptcy for liquidation, either by composition or by arrangement.

CAPTAIN R. W. GOSVENOR, M.P., will take the chair at the dinner in aid of the funds of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, at the Freemason's Tavern, on May 25.

JOHN GREGORY, who was convicted at the last County Down Assizes of the murder of a bailiff named Gallagher, in the employment of Colonel Forde, M.P., was executed within the walls of Downpatrick prison on Wednesday morning.

A PROSECUTION for having transmitted clothing which had been exposed to infection was, on Wednesday, instituted at Lambeth Police Court. The defendant, a married woman, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £1 and the costs.

THE REV. J. KINGSTON, R.N., of Sheerness, proposes that an organisation should be formed by the Masonic clergy, having for its objects the spiritual and moral welfare of the members of the order, their intellectual advancement, the effort to produce kindly feeling between the different schools of theology in the Church, and mutual aid.

UNTIL THE ARMY REGULATION BILL becomes law, no further—or, at least, very few—appointments will be made to cornetries and ensigncies. Some purchase vacancies may be filled, but no first commissions will be sold.

A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF AURORA BOREALIS was witnessed in the neighbourhood of London on Sunday night.

THE EXCHEQUER RECEIPTS for the first week of the financial year amounted to £993,147, and the expenditure to £5,286,836, the greater portion of which was for the interest of the National Debt.

M. THIERS, in a recent conversation, again disclaimed all desire to establish a monarchy in France. Apart from his formal engagements, it was not likely, he urged, that after being the chief of the Executive power, he could consent to be "the head clerk of a King."

THE EXECUTION OF MICHAEL CAMPBELL, for the murder of Mr. Galloway, at Stratford, has been fixed for the 24th inst.

THE TOTAL NUMBER OF FRENCH TROOPS of the Army of the East who have been sent home from Switzerland is 84,034. Of these 2139 are officers and 6430 convalescents. One thousand sick still remain in Switzerland; 5181 horses have also been sent back to France.

A NUMBER OF CUCKOOS located themselves on Tooting and Streatham Commons on Sunday, and cheered the districts with their welcome cry for some hours, and then scattered and made off to the Surrey hills. These migratory birds have made their appearance in the south earlier than usual, they being rarely heard before the end of April.

AT DEVONPORT, on Good Friday, a number of persons were practising at a shooting-gallery, used that day for the first time. A soldier fired, and the bullet passed through the end of the tube, knocking down a young man named Crump, who died soon afterwards. The owner of the shooting-gallery and the man who fired the shot were apprehended.

CLAUDE SCOTT WOOLLEY, charged upon his own confession with the murder of a potman in Brompton, several months ago, was, on Tuesday, committed for trial from the Hammersmith Police Court.

THE FREEMASONS OF PARIS have issued a manifesto calling upon the French people, in the name of humanity, fraternity, and their desolate country, to stop the effusion of blood and to establish the basis of a definite treaty of peace.

MR. DONALD NICOL, an old Peninsular hero, has just died, at an advanced age. He enlisted in the 42nd Royal Highlanders in 1807, and went through the whole of the Peninsular campaign. His sister, who married a man of the 93rd Highlanders, was on three occasions so carried away by excitement that she put on the uniform of the regiment and took part in the fighting. The officers of the regiment made her a handsome present.

AT THE KINGSTON-ON-THAMES EASTER VESTRY, on Tuesday, a question was asked by the ratepayers as to the refusal of clergymen to read the burial service over paupers. The Burial Board had taken the matter up and written to the Bishop of Winchester, and received a reply sanctioning the course taken by the clergy. The vestry expressed their strong indignation at what had taken place.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT occurred on Monday morning to a groom named Black, while exercising a horse belonging to the Hon. Charles Hanbury Lennox, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square. The horse became uncontrollable, and bolted against the iron area railings of No. 1, Stanhope-terrace, South Kensington, breaking down the railing. The man and horse both fell into the area, a distance of 8 ft. The groom was seriously injured about the head, and the horse was much cut about the head and knee.

A GENTLEMAN who had hired a cab for the purpose of using it as a stand on the day of the University boat-race, lost sight of the vehicle in the crowd, and refused to pay the cabman the stipulated sum for its use. A summons was therefore taken out, and the case was heard, on Tuesday, at the Wandsworth Police Court. The magistrate held that the recently issued regulations contained no reference to special engagements, and he therefore dismissed the summons, leaving the cabman to bring an action in the county court.

A WOMAN NAMED TANSLEY, the wife of the landlord of the Stag and Phoenix, Longborough, about fourteen miles from Cambridge, went into the cellar, on Sunday, to draw some ale. She was apparently overcome at once by the fumes, and fell down. Her screams attracted another woman, named Martin, to the spot, and she also fell down insensible. A third woman, named Baker, went down to help her friends, but was overcome in the same way. Some men came into the house and tried to bring the women up, but were themselves almost overcome. Mr. Tansley then arrived, and he soon rescued his wife; while by the aid of the others Baker and Martin were pulled up. Martin was found to be quite dead, and the other women are in a precarious state.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—In connection with the completion of St. Paul's, the Rev. W. S. Simpson, one of the Minor Canons, promised one hundred guineas towards new altar-vessels. Two chalices and two patens have now been completed, and were first used on Easter Day. They are in the style of the Renaissance, to suit the Italian architecture of the church. The chalice is 10½ in. in height; its bowl is engraved with wheat and grapes, and enriched with six medallions inclosing symbols of the Passion—viz., the cross, the open book, the Agnus Dei, the three nails, the crown of thorns, and the sponge and spear, all in high relief. The stem is relieved with bright flutes, and the principal boss is enriched with six medallions containing the Greek cross. The whole base is elaborately chased (repoussé) with wheat and grapes, and enriched with six medallions containing the Latin cross and sacred monogram, the arms of the cathedral and the arms of the donor. Underneath the base the following inscription is engraved:—"Deo et Ecclesie Cath. D. Pauli Lond. Feet. Convers. S. Patroni hunc calicem dicit. Guillelmus Sparrow Simpson, A.M., Soc. Antiq. Lond. Socius, ejusdem Ecclesie. Canon Minor non Bibliothecae Cath. et Lambeth. Cantua. A.D. clobcccxi." The paten is 8 in. in diameter, the centre is quite plain, the edge being taining the symbols of the Passion, to correspond with the bowl of the chalice. Both chalice and paten are richly gilt all over. These fine specimens of the silversmith's craft have been designed and executed by Messrs. Lias and Son, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, who have succeeded in producing a work which cannot fail to be highly appreciated by all lovers of ecclesiastical art.

THE LOUNGER.

THE House of Commons Select Committee appointed to consider the best mode of promoting dispatch of public business have presented their report, and said report has been printed and now lies before me for consideration and comment. It recommends seven distinct changes—some of them important, others not. 1. Public business, which now does not begin until half-past four o'clock, is to begin, if the recommendation of the Committee should be adopted, at a quarter-past four. Not a very great change this. 2. Government is to have one night in the week for Supply, without any intervening delaying "motions on going into Supply." This recommendation was carried by 13 to 5, and one would hope will be adopted by the House. This, though, is doubtful. To be hoped for, but not sanguinely, one would say, knowing, as one does, how strongly averse the talkers in the House are to a curtailment of their liberty to talk. The silent members, though, have the majority, and, therefore, one may still hope. This is the most important of all the changes recommended, and the most useful. 3. "That when the House, after a morning sitting, resumes its sitting at nine o'clock, and notice is taken that forty members are not present, the House shall suspend debate and proceedings (not for three minutes, as the manner is now, but) until a quarter-past nine o'clock, when Mr. Speaker shall count the House; and, if forty members be not then present, the House shall stand adjourned." This arrangement would prevent count-outs for a time; but after a time members, I suspect, will linger over their wine until nearly a quarter-past nine, instead of nine, as they do now. 4. "No fresh unopposed business to be proceeded with after half-past twelve of the clock after midnight." Four members wished the time to be one, but were defeated, fifteen voting for half-past twelve. 5. "That Parliament do meet not later than the last week in November." This was carried by a majority of one. It will not, I think, be agreed to by the House; nor do I believe that it would, if it were to be adopted, promote the dispatch of public business nor curtail the Session at the other end of it. 6. "That members who desire to move for leave to bring in bills, without making any explanatory statement, may give notice of their intention to make such motion at a quarter-past four of the clock on some future day, and then may make such motion on such day, in the manner and at the time of making motions for unopposed returns; and leave shall be given for the introduction of such bill without debate, provided no member then objects thereto." This would be a very useful regulation. At present, when orders of the day take precedence of notices of motion, a member who wishes to bring in a bill must wait until all these orders are disposed of; albeit there is not the smallest likelihood that the bringing on of the bill will be opposed. Indeed, in nineteen cases out of twenty bills are brought in and read the first time without opposition. Why, then, should a member wait until twelve or one o'clock to make a motion which no one will oppose? 7. "That strangers shall not be directed to withdraw during any debate except upon a question put and agreed to without amendment or debate." That is, the House, without previous debate, and not an individual member, shall decide when strangers shall withdraw.

These are all the changes recommended by the Committee. Many others were proposed, but rejected. There is, though, one subject which to my mind is of great importance, but was not mentioned. After all, what is the real reason why our Parliamentary business is not dispatched more rapidly, and at the same time more satisfactorily? The answer unquestionably is, because there is too much work. The machine cannot work swiftly, and in a satisfactory manner, because you give it more work than it has power to perform. The Parliamentary mill grinds slowly, heavily, and imperfectly, because the hopper is overloaded. To every member, to the reporters in the gallery, to every man, in short, who knows the House and its ways, this is obvious. In short, it is the common talk at the House. Surely, then, a Committee specially appointed "to consider the best means of promoting the dispatch of public business in this House" ought to have considered this question first of all—to wit, How can we relieve the Parliamentary machine of its excessive work? It is true that Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen made a proposal, which was negatived that, in the month of June the House should appoint a Committee to decide what bills shall be discharged from, and what continue on, the order paper. But such a rule would be all but useless. In the month of June the mischief is done. What is wanted is a rule which shall limit private members' bills to a fixed number. There are at this moment over sixty private members' bills upon the paper. In another month there will, most likely, be a hundred. Of these not half, probably not a third, will be passed. Some will be destroyed at the second stage, others will linger on to the last month of the Session and then be withdrawn; but all will have to be more or less discussed, and in the discussion of them many hours, and even days, will be wasted. It is this amateur legislation that clogs the machine. But neither is the Government blameless in this matter. There is more Government work now before the House than it could get through if every day of the remainder of the Session were available for Government business.

Since the House broke up I have been reading, with more care than I can give when the House is sitting, the letters from the *Times* correspondents at Versailles and at Paris; and I have read cursorily the letters which have appeared in other papers; but I have got little satisfaction from any of them. The writing is more or less good, the descriptions of the fighting going on graphic enough; but what I specially wanted these letters do not give. Over and over again whilst reading them I have mentally asked, What does all this mean? What are these people fighting about? And to this question I could get no satisfactory answer. At Versailles there is the constituted Government; at Paris the Commune in insurrection against the Government. Well, what does the Commune want? Why is it in insurrection? Whence its power over such a vast body of men? What potent idea is it that binds these men together? Would to Heaven that some independent, unprejudiced, capable man would go over and penetrate this mystery of Paris, turn it inside out, and, in plain, simple language, explain it to us! Some of the correspondents tell us that these insurgents are fighting merely to retain a franc and a half a day, which they have for some months been in the habit of receiving. But this explanation is by no means satisfactory. The motive power is not sufficient to account for the movement. Others tell us that they want to establish in every town in France independent communes or municipalities, such as we have here in England. Well, if this be so, whatever we may think of the method adopted to obtain this object, we must, as Englishmen, decide that the object itself is good. Again, a sagacious friend of mine says that the Commune profoundly believes that the National Assembly is not honestly Republican but reactionary, and ready and anxious to bring back Imperialism or Monarchy, and with it priestly rule and influence, which of late years have been the main support of Imperialism; and this may well be, for one thing is certain—viz., that under the Emperor Imperialism and priestism—the Government prefect and the curé—in every parish in France, were in close alliance, and but for this alliance Imperialism would long since have fallen. But still, we do not know that this is the inspiring idea at Paris, and one would like to know what really is. The franc-and-a-half-per-diem theory is certainly not tenable; but what the true theory is we don't know. Meanwhile, until we can get to the heart of this matter, let us eschew all angry feeling and abuse, which are quite out of place in the presence of so wonderful, so terrible, a phenomenon as this.

Your contemporaries seem very much surprised that "when Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were leaving Windsor Castle, on the day of their marriage, the band of the children's Band of Hope struck up the somewhat inappropriate melody of

'Love Not.' But could nobody guess at the explanation of this? The fact is, the vulgar know nothing of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's song,

Love not!
The thing you love may change!

for they take the title of the melody to be "The Love-Knot." I have seen it so written, and printed, and heard it so called, a score of times.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER. THE MAGAZINES, ETC.

Not many periodicals so faithfully fulfil their design as the children's and children's teachers' magazine known as the *Family Friend*. It is a small quarto, full of excellent engravings and of literature of a simple kind, chiefly for young readers. Now and then, in some piece of American authorship, we get touches of overdone religious sentiment; but, on the whole, this little affair is admirably adapted to its purpose. The last number contains a likeness, along with a memoir, of Dr. Davis, "le bon docteur noir," dear to many a French heart in the late war, and known by name and deeds in, one hopes, most English homes.

To *Belgravia* is a sudden transition, indeed—but what matters? Mr. Sala is not as dignified as he might be in his "Special Correspondent," but if he would prosecute "the dullard" he refers to for libel, and get a verdict against him, he would do literature a service that would never be forgotten. That intensely rude and spiteful writer's references to Mr. Sala are clearly actionable, and far worse, in my opinion, than those on which Mr. Sala has recently been suing another publicist. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald continues his extremely unpleasant papers on the "Loves of Famous Men." This time, the poor wretches that are stripped naked and pilloried for the edification of a virtuous public are Sheridan and Miss Linley, afterwards his wife—the lovely lady whose portrait by Gainsborough you have, I am sure, seen in the Dulwich Gallery. My earnest advice to you is—Do not read Mr. Fitzgerald's paper, but go and look again at the picture. It is hangman's work to grub up all this scandal; and it can do nothing but harm to any human being. The author himself will be the greatest sufferer. No man can go through such a task without injury to his own sensibilities. So Nelson and Burns will have their revenge—if they care for such a thing.

Here is the *Dark Blue*, which is full of spirit, and still decidedly fresh. With regard to the present number, I am tempted to add that the contents are for the most part rather juvenile in tone. The article on "Prophets and Poets" is especially so. The reading given of Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem about "the great god Pan" among the reeds is amusingly wide of the mark; but it would be useless to enter into a discussion with a writer so placidly self-confident. Mr. Tom Hood, on "Petty Parnassus," we much like, and everyone who cares for the honour of literature must be glad to see the compliment he pays to Mr. Strahan as a publisher who sets his face against duffers, and especially poetic duffers. Other publishers, also, shut out duffers; but then they have not shown any of Mr. Strahan's boldness in bringing forward new men. However, I doubt if Mr. Hood's plan for making poetsasters less frequent would be the success he fancies. I believe that five people out of every ten could not be taught even the mechanism of English verse. With four out of the other five the acquisition of that mechanism would be attended with (it seems to me) disproportionate labour. And when your ingenious youth feels his "feet" firmly, what then? Why, is there not as much room for his mistaking his own gift as there was before? In all good poetry the verse is of the essence of the work; and how is the man who under other circumstances would be likely to blunder, to know when his verse is vital and when it is not? Why should not the false enthusiasm which misleads him now mislead him then? I shall have more to say on this topic when dealing with the Rev. F. W. Farrar on Lord Lytton, in this month's *Fortnightly*. But it is a very difficult subject.

In *Good Words* Miss Saunders begins her new story, "The High Mills," and it promises to have all the merit and some of the faults of "Gideon's Rock;" but it is less strained in manner, and will evidently be livelier. The reader knows what a very high opinion I have of Miss Saunders. Probably the other story, "The Sylvestres," may displease some of the slow-going readers of the periodical; but surely it ought to attract a fresh public. An old French exile lecturing on Fourier in a sleepy English village—and a splendid lecture it is!—does not that whet your curiosity? Up to this number I have not missed a line of "The Sylvestres," and I recommend the reader to follow it closely.

In Mr. D. Morier Evans's City Sketches, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we have this month Captain Ackerley and Bos'n Smith. I remember them both. "What, Sir, are the brass rods you have in your hand?" said a magistrate to Ackerley, who had been brought up for blocking the way in Hyde Park. "Those, Sir," says the Captain, "are the mystic plynobos of eternal justice." And many a time when fellows have asked me what I had in a parcel, have I made answer, "Sir, the mystic plynobos of eternal justice." Bos'n Smith, too, with his train of brats, psalm-singing on Tower hill—I see him now; with that enormous coat of his! Wicked rumour did aver certain very serious things concerning the said brats—for whose support he invoked the aid of the faithful; and, regularly, a Wesleyan newspaper used to contain an advertisement challenging him in the name of God, if he dared, to come forward and contradict certain charges made in connection with the Seventh Commandment. *Quien sabe?* In any case, Mr. Evans's papers are among the most amusing now "on foot."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

To the credit of an English audience be it said that the gross realism of the roasting of Joan of Arc in the *Marché des Veaux*, at Rouen, before a crowd of spectators, was loudly and emphatically hissed. It is strange that an author like Mr. Tom Taylor should have been guilty of such a sad breach of taste. What pleasure can possibly be obtained, except by morbid and unhealthy men and women, in seeing a miserable woman bullied by the Inquisition in the torture-chamber, introduced to the rack and to her gaudily-dressed executioners, left to struggle and shriek on the floor, and, finally, led out to death and apparently burnt on the stage. If this is the art that elevates; if these are the historical plays which are to do good and to instruct; if this is the best work of our most talented and best educated dramatic author, then the sooner we have an end of such art, such plays, and such work, the better. Apart from some spectacles of exceeding beauty; apart from the upholstery, the millinery, the work of the scene-painter, the designer, and the costumier, this "Joan of Arc" is altogether a sorry specimen of English dramatic art; and it is sad to think that so much money has been literally wasted upon such a production. It is really no play at all. Mr. Taylor has tacked together several scenes in the accepted life of Joan of Arc. He has made no attempt to dramatise that life. The author has done nothing on which he can be congratulated. The verse is lame and prosy, and so little has Mr. Taylor thought of his actors and actresses that he has degraded them all below the level of ordinary stage supernumeraries. Every one appears to have been considered before the artists who act, and even Mr. and Mrs. Rousby, who are supposed already to have set the Thames on fire, are mere lay figures. They help on the tableaux, and it does not say much for the author's faith in the company when he deliberately arranges his play as a vehicle for the scene-painter and the milliner, and allows his legitimate assistants to go to the wall. Talk about the upholstery of the Charles Kean management—why, this is ten thousand times worse! With all Charles Kean's upholstery, plays and something like plays were acted—poetry and something like poetry was spoken! But in "Joan of Arc" we get the pure and simple upholstery, unassisted either by play or poetry. It is sad, indeed, that Mr. Taylor should make such a confusion as he makes with this play. If Mr. Taylor is deserting us, what are we to do? The coronation

scene in the cathedral of Rheims is certainly very grand; and Mr. Alfred Thompson, the designer of the dresses, as well as Mr. Ryder, the stage manager, are much to be congratulated. But I really cannot see how such a play can possibly succeed.

In whatever fashion "Faust and Marguerite" is done, it must strike home to the audience. The essence of this marvellous poem triumphs over every possible difficulty. Mr. Boucicault's translation of M. Carré's adaptation of Goethe's immortal work—known as the Princess's version—has been revived on the very stage where it was so popular some years ago. None of the old cast remain, and the play is not particularly well acted; but it quite absorbed the audience. I never remember to have noticed such attention. Mr. Phelps has played Mephistopheles before, in Mr. Bayle Bernard's version, at Drury Lane; and, though it is not my notion of Mephistopheles, it might have been very much worse. The play is capitally mounted; and, what with singing, dancing, organ-playing, and mechanical effect, some weeks will elapse before any change is needed. The poem is supplemented by a quaint little Irish legend, very pleasantly told by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, which introduces a panorama by Mr. Telbin and a little boy—Master Collard—who distinguished himself at the last Drury Lane pantomime, and sings an Irish ballad, by Mr. W. C. Levy, in faultless taste. The little fellow was deservedly encored.

The change at the St. James's is not very important. Mr. H. B. Farnie's new farce is extremely vulgar, and Mrs. John Wood is hardly actress enough for the part in which she appears. Pieces of the "Tragedy Queen" and "David Garrick" order require an exponent who has just missed being a great actor or actress. There are many who can sustain a burst of passion for a little time, but who would not be able to go through a really tragic part. Mrs. Wood is funny—often very funny—but she is never impressive, even for a moment; and when Anne Bracegirdle begins to act the play begins to weary. I should not be surprised to find another change very shortly. Indeed, a new burlesque by Mr. F. C. Burnand is already announced.

The Gaiety postpones the new opera until to-night (Saturday), but the extravaganza of "Malala" has been produced. The music is extremely pretty, and none the less welcome because we are most of us familiar with it. The mounting is in the usual brilliant Gaiety style. But objection may possibly be taken to the rather suggestive dialogue, which has not been thoroughly cleansed from its French characteristics.

Mr. Theyre Smith's comedietta at the PRINCE OF WALES'S is a little disappointing. After "Uncle Will," at the Haymarket, we are expecting great things of Mr. Theyre Smith. Miss Carlotta Addison returns to the theatre to play in "Cut off with a Shilling," and the rest of the cast comprises Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Collette.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's fairy play, called "Creatures of Impulse," is to be produced at the COURT this evening. The music is by Signor Albert Randegger, a charming composer, of whom we hear too little. Mr. John Clayton has joined the ranks at the Court, and has played this week instead of Mr. Hermann Vezin in the comedy of "Randall's Thumb."

I shall not be surprised to see another postponement of the opening of the GLOBE, with "Les Brigands," by Offenbach. Everything promises for a great success at this pretty theatre.

Mr. Morton has put his hand to the plough, and evidently does not intend to turn back. He has gone on from good to better in his self-imposed task—the task of elevating and regenerating the music-hall—and the last novelty presented to us at the PHILHARMONIC bids fair to be as popular as any which have preceded it. The piece is an extravaganza of the musical order, and so well has Mr. Levey done his part of the work that the capital tunes, both original and adapted, would carry very much heavier words than those supplied by Messrs. Rushton and Arlon. The scene with which the piece opens is an exceedingly pretty one, and Princess Rosebud's song, very gracefully delivered by Miss Clara Vesey, quite deserved in every way the applause which it gained. Of course this lady is the beloved whom Nightingale (Miss Hetty Tracey) woos, deeply to the disgust of the villain, Baron Snail, a somewhat pantomimic part, out of which Mr. Marshall certainly got all the fun which was to be had. Miss Tracey is improved in every way since I last saw her in London; she makes a capital burlesque lover, and she sings in time and tune. Her voice is not, perhaps, so flexible as it might be; but even here I am glad to trace symptoms of good, honest work. Miss Tracey evidently means to get on in the theatrical world, and I am glad to predict her success. The dialogue throughout is exceedingly smart, and many of its hits were keenly appreciated by the audience. Some of the more elaborate of the jokes, however, quite passed over the heads of the worthy Islingtonians; for the further you leave the west of London, the further you leave the proper home for extravaganza. Messrs. Rushton and Arlon have done well, and show capabilities of doing far better.

The Lord Chamberlain having granted a license for stage plays to the Alhambra, that establishment has been closed in order that the necessary alterations in the building may be made; and Mr. F. Strange, the manager, has transferred the scene of his operations to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, where he has been giving a series of Easter entertainments, assisted by the entire strength of the Alhambra company, and with, in addition, the band of the Garde de Paris. The entertainments have been highly successful, large audiences having assembled in the immense hall, which has been conveniently fitted up for the purpose, and cheered the several performers heartily. On Monday, the opening night, the applause from all parts of the hall which greeted the appearance in the orchestra of the band of the Garde de Paris showed, however, in what the most powerful attraction of the evening consisted. These performers appeared in their full handsome costume, and, conducted by M. Paulus, played in spirited style a selection of overtures, marches, and valses, terminating with the "Marseillaise," which excited the audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to cause them to rise on *masses* and wave hats and handkerchiefs. In response to calls for an encore the band gave "Rule Britannia," which evoked, if possible, more unbounded applause, and the "Marseillaise" had to be repeated. In addition to this rich instrumental feature, there was the usual performance by the company of 450 performers, under the able conduct of M. J. Riviere. A great additional feature of attraction was the reappearance of Blondin, who went through his high-rope performance, in which he included most of his marvellous feats.

ALLIANCE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The members of the Alliance Dramatic Club gave a very successful performance at the Cavendish Rooms on the evening of the 5th inst. The pieces played were "Good for Nothing," "New Men and Old Acres," and "Who's Who?" In the first farce the best piece of acting, so far as the gentlemen were concerned, was Mr. W. Wright's Charley. Mr. Wright was thoroughly at his ease, and his delivery was impressive. Mr. E. Brown's exhibition of coolness as Tom Dibbles was sufficiently fiery; and Mr. R. Forbes was satisfactory in the small part of Young Mr. Simpson. Mr. C. Chinn, as Harry Collier, was not well up in the text. Miss Zorilda Church played Nan. I cannot consider Miss Church an amateur. Her Nan was simply excellent. What a dreadful little slattern the lady looked at first; and what an alteration was wrought in her appearance by the application of soap and water to her face and a good brush to her hair! The scenery was the source of continual trouble: the door would not open without physical force being employed. Making the necessary allowances for the difficulties attending an amateur representation, Messrs. Taylor and Dubourg's Haymarket comedy was not by any means badly acted. Mr. E. Brown's rendering of Berthold Blasenbulg was passable: his make up was good. Mr. Haines, without attempting to imitate Mr. Buckstone, gave a humorous rendering of Mr. Bunter; and Samuel Brown had an efficient representative in Mr. A. Westbrook. Miss

Lizzie Dudley is a very clever actress; on more than one occasion I have had the pleasure of praising her impersonations, but I was hardly satisfied with her Lillian Vavasour. At the present moment I cannot call to mind any lady amateur who is qualified to play the part—Lillian is so inseparably associated with the name of Miss Madge Robertson. How innocently the slang used to fall from that lady's lips! Miss Jessie Rose was Lady Matilda Vavasour, Miss Laura Golding was Mrs. Bunter, and Miss Rosamond Hargrave was the romantic Fanny. Messrs. S. Wright, T. C. Seary, R. Bailey, and G. Russell and Master Roxby were also included in the cast. I do not know upon whom the duty of painting the actors' faces devolved, but the gentleman who filled the office had considerable fun at the expense of his friends. The lines to represent wrinkles were the colour of burnt sienna; they were as hard as they possibly could be, and were quite a quarter of an inch in width. One lady had a thick streak, on one cheek only, commencing immediately under her eye and extending almost to the lobe of her ear. Mr. S. Wright's face was a miniature representation of Clapham Junction—the lines intersected each other in all directions. I have seen many singular facial makes-up, at both amateur and professional performances; but I fancy those of the Alliance were the most eccentric I ever saw.

MR. GOSCHEN ON ENGLISH POLICY.

THE First Lord of the Admiralty was the only member of the Government at the Easter Monday banquet at the Mansion House. In replying to the toast of the Queen's Ministers, Mr. Goschen said:—"We had to buy back our Army, which belonged at this moment to the officers and not to the nation. It would cost us a large sum of money, but he believed the result would be adequate to the expense. The anxieties attendant on events abroad have been, indeed, intense and overwhelming. The Government had been exposed to much comment, and rightly so. They were glad that every action of theirs was jealously and narrowly scrutinised. They were prepared to submit their policy and their actions to the fair and impartial verdict of the country; and they had not been sorry to see that, whatever might have been the feelings of the moment or the criticisms of Continental writers, their policy in its broad features had not been called in question as having been other than honourable to the country at large which they had represented in such momentous times. They had pursued a policy which was called a policy of isolation; but it had been at all events a policy of unselfishness from beginning to end, and he believed there were many countries in Europe which would prefer the disinterested neutrality of England to the sinister policy of some Continental States. He knew the way in which the people of Continental nations regarded the policy of England. They would not believe in our honesty, and always fancied that at the bottom of our policy there were some Machiavellian designs. It was a fixed doctrine among Continental politicians that this country abolished the slave trade because we were jealous of the competition of the French and Spanish colonies, and that we were favourable to Denmark because we were afraid of Kiel becoming a German harbour. Again, one of the views taken on the Continent was that we had been on the side of France because we were afraid of the commercial competition that would arise if certain French provinces should become German. He said most deliberately that, as regarded international politics, we were more honest and more single-minded than any other country in Europe. The habit of self-depreciation in this country had reached an extreme which was not at all understood on the Continent. People there believed, when they were told, that we had not got a ship that could go to sea, or a gun that would not burst if an attempt was made to fire it; and they said that if Englishmen were the first to tell such tales, why surely they must be believed. It seemed to him (Mr. Goschen) that public opinion in this country was something like a good strong horse out of condition because it had been fed only on green meat. Recent events in Europe should teach us to rely—not on treaties, for they were often scattered to the winds; not on alliances, for they were occasionally faithless in times of trouble; not on the word of statesmen, for secret treaties were produced which shook the confidence of every honest politician—but upon ourselves; and he believed that in all essential points England was as strong as ever. Knowing that this was a serious moment in the history of Europe, it was time that we should take measure of ourselves; that we should know what we could do, and that we would, if we were called on, hold every man to the obligation to defend his home and to maintain the honour and glory of England at the same height at which it had been held through many generations."

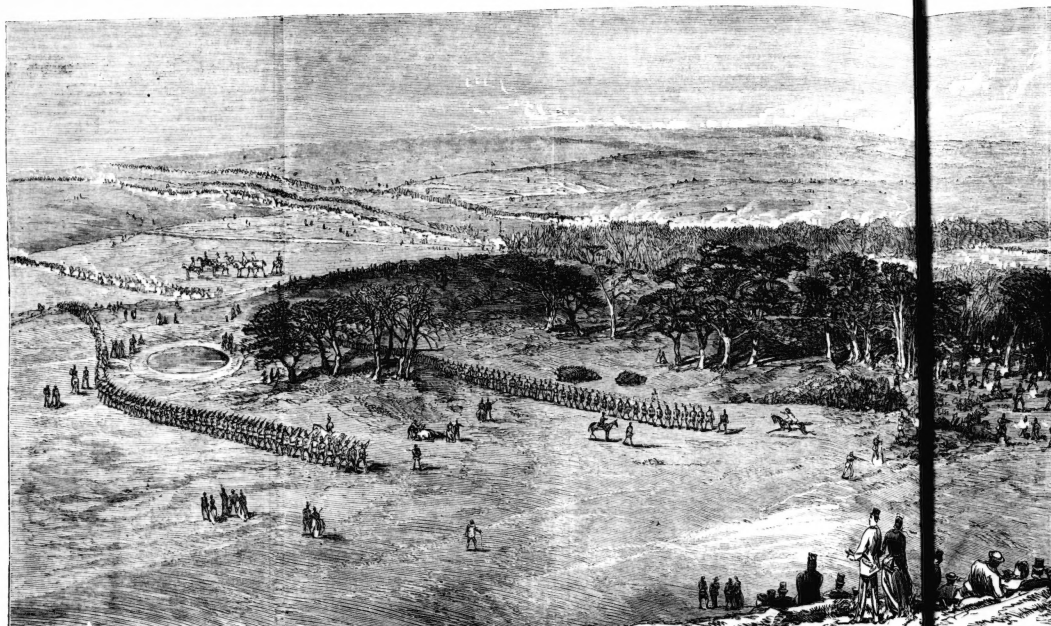
A PORTION of the Stour Valley Bolt and Rivet Works, near Birmingham, was, on Wednesday, destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at £10,000.

RUGBY SCHOOL.—On Saturday last the Sixth Form presented Mr. Robertson, on his leaving his position as their master, with a clock and a pair of handsome vases to match, in token of their respect and esteem. Mr. Robertson, in thanking them, expressed a fear that, as the Bishop of Exeter said, the school had done more for him than he for it; for out of his eight years at Rugby seven at least had been the happiest years of his life. He ended by hoping that those present, who would soon be old Rugbians like himself, would all work, whatever might be their position, in the true Rugby spirit, and assured them of the interest he should always feel in the school.

COLONIAL APPOINTMENTS.—Lord Normanby's appointment to the Governorship of Queensland has been notified in the *London Gazette*. Major-General John Henry Lefroy, R.A., C.B., is appointed Governor of the Bermudas. The Queen has also appointed Mr. Joseph Conyers Yates to be a member of the Council of the Bermudas; Mr. Malcolm Fraser to be a member of the Legislative Council of Western Australia; Mr. Hepburn Rennie to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Island of Saint Vincent; Mr. Sandford Freeling to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Island of Grenada; and Mr. Thomas Lett-Wood to be Chief Justice of the Bermudas.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A TRAIN.—On Sunday evening a most wonderful escape from destruction occurred to a well-filled passenger-train on the connecting line between the Harlepool, on the North-Eastern Railway. The train in question left West Harlepool station, at 5.45 p.m., with a large number of passengers, but was fortunately driven at the unusually slow speed of nine or ten miles per hour, owing to the driver being strange to the line, which is very intricate and full of curves. After passing the West Harlepool Docks, and crossing a viaduct, the train has to pursue its way alongside of a large sheet of tidal water, nearly a mile broad, called Middleton Slake, and no sooner had it arrived at this point than the driver observed an obstruction on the rails. He applied the brakes and whistled to the guard to do the same, but before he could quite stop the engine ran over and cut in half what proved to be an iron chair, which had evidently been purposely placed on the metals. Had it not yielded, the entire train and its occupants must have been precipitated into the Slake, when, it being high water at the time, the consequences would have been fearful to contemplate. Immediate information was given to the county police, and in less than an hour Sergeant Scott apprehended a boy, named Walter M. Goodall, on the charge of putting the chair upon the line.

THE BLUECOAT BOYS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—On Tuesday afternoon the scholars of Christ's Hospital paid their annual visit to the Mansion House, and received from the Lord Mayor the customary Easter gift. The ceremony is always held on the Tuesday in Easter week, and it occasions a good deal of interest. Previously to the reception of the boys the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress entertained the Burmese Envoys, Sir Robert Carden, and the Sheriffs and Under Sheriffs at luncheon, which was served in the Long Parlour. The boys started from the Hospital about one o'clock, and walked in procession along Cheapside with their matrons and beadles, arriving at the Mansion House at a quarter past one. They then proceeded to the Egyptian Hall, and were marshalled according to their rank by Mr. W. Foster White, the treasurer of the hospital, for presentation to the Lord Mayor. The company assembled in the saloon, and as the boys passed the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, they received each a new coin. The fifteen Grecians were presented with a guinea; nine probationers, half a guinea; forty-eight monitors, half a crown; and the ordinary scholars, to the number of 660, one shilling each. To these 732 pupils, £59 5s. 6d. in all was distributed. On leaving the saloon each of them also received a glass of wine and two buns. According to an old custom, the boys wore linen badges on their coats, on which the words "He is risen" were inscribed. After the ceremony, which lasted about an hour, the Lord Mayor and the rest of the civic authorities went to Christ Church, Newgate-street, where the second "Spital Sermon" was preached by the Rev. John Congreve, Rector of Tooting. At this service the whole of the Bluecoat boys attended.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON: THE ADVANCE

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

BRIGHTON.—ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.
The annual Volunteer Review was held, on Monday, at Brighton, and had all the advantages which a fine manœuvring-ground by the sea, easy access to it, and glorious weather can give. Fewer volunteers were on the Downs than have gathered there on one or two Easter Mondays in previous years, but there was no lack of enthusiasm among the 24,000 men who mustered in the ranks, and their improved discipline and steadiness under arms were remarkable. If the manœuvring showed that much remains to be done to make the volunteers an effective force, one cannot help the conclusion, after witnessing this twelfth Easter-Monday review, that it is not the fault of the men themselves, and that they not only supply good material, but would willingly submit to any reasonable conditions which might be imposed for the purpose of moulding them into such a force.

Brighton has received the volunteers so often that it has little to learn in preparing for their reception, and is able to forecast with some accuracy how many will come, in what way they will come, and in what proportions before and upon the great annual holiday. On Sunday and the three preceding days 12,000 volunteers crowded themselves of the offer of the railway company to take them beforehand to the appointed rendezvous. Of course, the men who go thus early are men with money in their pockets, who claim a little longer holiday than one day out and home. Such are the men whom Brighton naturally desires to see and to honour, and 12,000 of them in the town, at hotels or lodgings, spending freely what they can afford to spend, make glad the hearts of the hundreds and thousands who live and thrive by supplying the wants or the whims of visitors. At first one might imagine that the arrival beforehand of something like half the volunteers to be conveyed must ease the railway traffic of the day very greatly. But a large proportion of the men who reach Brighton before Easter Monday return to town on that day, and the railway company, not knowing how many have run the length of their tether and exhausted their holiday, must provide for the return of all.

One of the first and not the least interesting sights of the day is that at the Brighton railway station. In these days you must take the train in order to fight a battle; and in moving large bodies of men with a view to military operations, whether by way of rehearsal or in earnest reality, you require vast material and railway facilities of no mean order. Fortunately the Brighton station-yard, in its ample area and large supply of shed and platform accommodation, is admirably adapted for such exigencies. As everybody knows, it has during the season to meet the demands of crowds of pleasure-seekers, who go, attracted by low fares and quick trains, to take what one of the local members has called "a bath of liberty at Brighton." After the straight run into the Montpelier-road there is plenty of room for the trains to deploy. The rails spread out like a fan on meeting the station; and on one of these lines, leading into the goods-shed at Montpelier-road, the volunteers began to arrive soon after half-past six o'clock on Monday morning. These men had started from Victoria or London Bridge at five a.m., many of them having, of course, come from considerable distances before reaching those stations. Did some of them go to bed at all the night before? They looked fresh enough, at any rate, as the trains came in. There is a regularity in filling trains with armed men which seems unspeakable, and is perhaps hardly desirable, in capturing them. The point is to clear out as soon as may be, and herein the volunteers, we need hardly say, showed no want of alacrity, though the porters' conventional outcry, "Wait till the train stops, please!" was not precisely altogether in vain. Is the train clear? The railway officials, watch and whistle in hand, are hardly less impatient than the volunteers. No, there is the big drum; and an alarmed bandman rushes in an agony to rescue it from the baggage-van, as though the fate of the review depended upon the instrument which he beats and loves so well. No sooner is the drum safely landed than the locomotive which

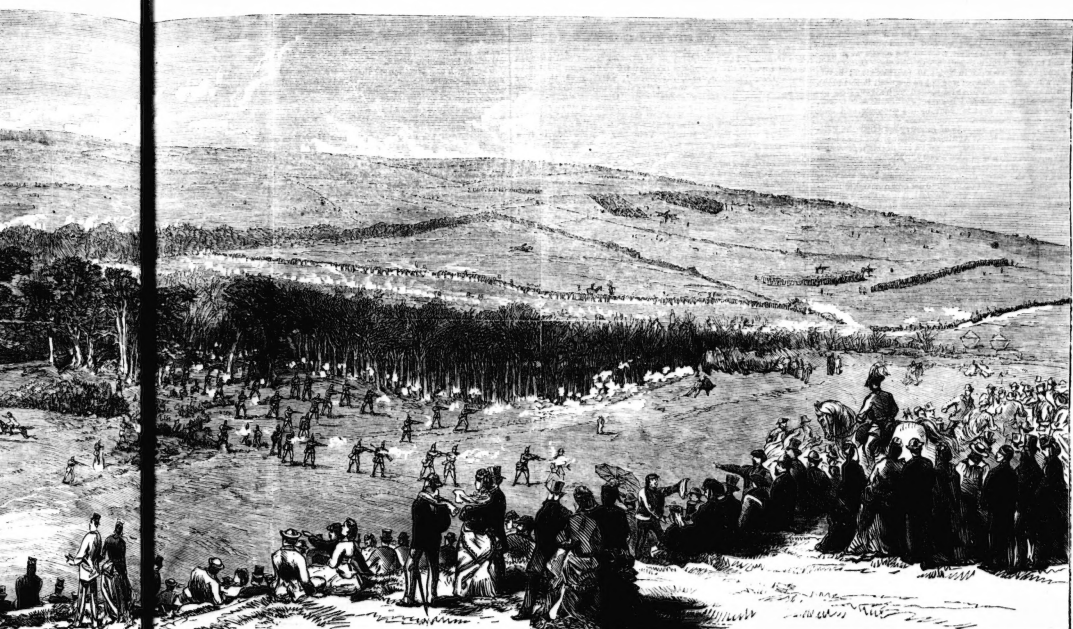
has brought down the train is uncoupled from the head of it and goes away by itself in one direction, while a bustling little engine, like the tugboat of commerce, hauls away the empty carriages to be shunted on to a spare line of rails. In ten minutes another train is due, and will unload upon the same platform. One is nervous at finding in what rapid succession the trains follow each other, but the line is worked now, as always, on the block system, and additional precautions are taken on this day of days. So some two-and-twenty

trains laden with volunteers arrive within about two hours; and thus the way is clear for 14,000 or 15,000 visitors, who arrive with a promptitude and regularity which are only due to long and careful preparation.

As the volunteers reached the platform already mentioned they passed through the spacious goods shed and fell in within the railway precincts beyond the shed. Thence, forming as rapidly as possible, they marched in quick succession into the town, taking up the position assigned to



THE LATE WAR: A SCENE IN ST. CLOUD DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.—(SEE "THE



W AT BRIGHTON: THE ADVANCE OF THE DEFENDING FORCES ACROSS THE HAPPY VALLEY.

within about two hours; and then the visitors, who arrive with a promptness due to long and careful preparation, already mentioned they passed in full in within the railway precincts as rapidly as possible, they marched up the hill, and the position seemed to

many which it was wellnigh impossible to have conceived. Having marched into the town, most of the volunteers bivouacked, as usual, in the green inclosures, or Skops, which form so pretty a feature in the heart of Brighton, while others, including the London Scottish, the Inns of Court, and the Post Office Corps, occupied the grounds of the Pavilion. Arms being piled, breakfast here became a pressing question. It almost seemed as if Brighton had been legitimate prize of war, and breakfast was a matter of requisition! So much better

beef and ham, so many eggs and rashers, with tea and coffee to indigestion, and six cigars per man! The residents on each side of the Skops, particularly the female residents, from their balconies and windows, looked so bright and beaming that it might possibly have been almost a pleasure to them to have been requisitioned. However, the provision had been made by most of the corps without enforced service of this kind; and in their pleasant resting-places volunteers of all arms had such a substantial meal as was warranted by the heavy work to follow it.

THE START FOR THE DOWNS.

At ten o'clock the first move was made. A field-gun on the Parade just outside the Royal Albion Hotel was fired by way of signal. A shower of broken glass from the hotel windows and lively commotion in the coffee-rooms were the immediate response. Such a success was hardly anticipated by the gunners, who seemed somewhat alarmed at the crash themselves had made, and, perhaps, were apprehensive of a glazier's bill. But in the presence of Mass small troubles like these are of no account. The artillery moved off towards the review ground, and were gradually followed by the various corps in the order assigned to them. The route lay along a portion of the Marine Parade, which was thronged with spectators, and thence up Bedford-street. Every house of pretension in Brighton has its balcony or balconies, and there are very few houses commanding the sea which are not of this type. Each balcony and window had its tenants; and gay dresses, scarlet cloth, flags of all colours and all nations made the way as bright and cheerful as ever the Marine Parade can have been since first it skirted the English Channel. Prince Arthur, in his place in the suite of Major-General the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, was eagerly looked for, and easily distinguished as he rode by in his dark rifle uniform, and heartily greeted. Many of the better-known corps of volunteers who were warmly greeted as they marched by and brawled the, steep and toilsome ascent which leads to the raccourse.

THE MARCH PAST.

Twelve o'clock was the hour when the march past commenced. Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., commanded in chief, and of his personal staff Colonel Sir A. Alison, C.B., acted as Deputy Adjutant-General; Colonel Dumble, C.B., as Deputy Quartermaster-General; and Major Wood, V.C., as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General. Captain Cockran, Grenadier Guards; Lieutenant Buxton, 5th Lancers; with Captain Eyns and Lieutenant the Hon. R. Campbell, Coldstream Guards, fulfilled the office of aides-de-camp to Sir Hope Grant. Major-General Staveley, R.C.B., who afterwards commanded the attacking force, had a separate staff, which was thus composed:—Colonel Burton, C.B., A.A.G.; Major Justice, A.A.G.; Captain Staveley, R.A.; Lieutenant Biddis, 10th Hussars; and Captain Prior, 160th Regiment, aides-de-camp. Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir J. Lindsay, K.C.M.G., Inspector-General of Heavy Forces, was attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Savile, 1st Gloucester Rifle Volunteers; Major Forrester, 3rd Lancers; Major Sandeman, Essex Yeomanry; Captain K. Coghlin, 10th Hussars; Captain W. J. Gascoigne, Scots Fusilier Guards; Lieutenant Chapman, 5th Kent; and Lieutenant Sayer, 27th Middlesex. A small detachment of Irish Brigade Dragoons aided the local police force when necessary in keeping clear the raccourse for the passage of the troops; but, speaking generally, the look-out on confirmed very readily to the natural line of the raccourse marked out by barriers on each side, and supplemented at weak points by a strong line of wire on foot. There were on foot double and sometimes treble rows of carriages; and as far as the eye could reach in both directions the avenue left clear for the passage of the volunteers was similarly lined and inclosed.

The first to pass the General Commanding were the light cavalry of the Hon. Artillery Company—creditable, as far as they went, but a mere handful in point of numbers. The artillery force did not march past together as a whole, but was allotted its



ST. CLOUD DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," APRIL 8, PAGE 211)

due proportions to the divisions which subsequently constituted the attacking and defending forces. Colonel Eaton, R.A., was placed in command of the artillery used in the attack; Colonel D'Aguilar, R.A., of that reserved for the defence. The men in the different batteries, mounted on foot, all looked and moved as if they were accustomed to handle the guns, and felt quite at home with these, whatever their size. The same observation, however, hardly applies to the horses, of which many seemed to have been introduced for the first time to the shafts of a gun-carriage, and to dislike the connection exceedingly. One openly mutinied, and began kicking in front of the flag-staff; but in other cases, where the resistance was not as flagrant, it was plain, from the tails twisted into knots and plaited with straw, that the date at which the animals had been requisitioned was recent, and that they were only kept in order by the presence and long whips of their country drivers.

At the head of the first brigade of infantry marched the well-known bearskins of the Hon. Artillery Company, not in as large numbers as one could wish to see, but still a creditable representation of this ancient and honourable society. Nothing perhaps in its long and checkered history is more remarkable than the number of times that the dress, drill, and accoutrements of the regiment have been in and out of fashion. Just now a bearskin head-dress and capacious knapsack are the last things that would be supposed to lend themselves to notions of spade drill and "making the most of every bit of cover." On the other hand, the Hon. Artillery Company are fairly entitled to claim for the shouldered arms to which they have persistently adhered through good report and evil report, that it is a position which other regiments must adopt, or it requires no prophet to foresee what may happen with central fire breechloaders carried "at the trail." In the first brigade of the first division of infantry there also marched the 1st City of London Volunteers, always well received and justifying their reputation, and two regiments from the Tower Hamlets, perhaps the most fruitful of all the metropolitan recruiting grounds. The second brigade of the same division contained no less than two companies of volunteers from Lancashire, whose presence was warmly applauded. In the third brigade a novel appearance was imparted to one battalion, the 20th Middlesex, Lieut.-Colonel Malet commander, by the fact that the men had rolled their capes into a coil, and wore them over one shoulder, after the Prussian fashion. The first impression produced by coats slung in this manner is that there must be a clumsiness attendant upon it in the handling of the rifle; but the fashion, doubtless, is more comfortable than it looks, for half a dozen other regiments followed the same plan, one of them adopting the distinctive compromise of retaining the flat fold of the cloaks for the men, and introducing the long roll for the officers only. The Artists' Corps, four companies strong, was loudly welcomed, as were other established Brighton favourites. Of these the marching of the 1st Surrey would have been utterly spoiled had it been in the power of an untimely change of music to do so. Some of the regiments in the first infantry division, it must be added, gratuitously increased their own difficulties in marching by swinging their left arms too freely. Nevertheless, Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay might well feel pride in the column that he led. In the second infantry division the Queen's (Westminster) and the London Irish supplied large contingents; but probably the most numerous body was the 3rd City of London, whose uniform shows to advantage on such occasions, giving to the ranks the air of a smart regiment of militia, notwithstanding the moderate standard of height that obtains among them. There had been a confident rumour afloat that Colonel Money, of the 6th Tower Hamlets, would be accompanied by one of the sons of Garibaldi; but the statement was not justified by the result, for the name did not appear in the printed list of the Colonel's aides-de-camp, and the historic "red shirt" was not represented during the day's movements. Another name with which rumour made free was that of the ex-Emperor of the French; but when traced back to its source the only foundation discoverable was that some foreign gentleman, name unknown, "from Chislehurst," had taken apartments at one of the hotels, and the rooms, it was added, subsequently remained unoccupied. The staff of General Lysons, who commanded the third division, included two officers of the 42nd Regiment. Military men think nothing, apparently, of the aspect of a Highland officer, wearing the bonnet, trews, and tartan, mounted and riding over the field; but to non-professional eyes, the costume, however well the officer may ride, seems a little out of harmony. Of this division some of the staff officers had plenty of riding to do, for the final brigades became detached and dislocated. Two of the corps, a Sussex and an Oxfordshire battalion, were not recovered and brought up at the double until long after the rest of their comrades had gone by. At this point, in fact, an ugly gap occurred in the order of march, nearly half an hour intervening between the time when the main body of the third infantry division passed the flagstaff and that at which the head of the fourth division came in sight. This delay was the more provoking as it was known that his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, whom everybody wanted to see, was serving on the staff of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the commander of this fourth division.

At the very moment that waiting had become irksome and was growing into a feeling of annoyance, so that anything, even the appearance of the traditional dog, would have been welcomed as a relief, a genuine burst of laughter was aroused by an incident simple in itself, but ludicrous in the circumstances in which it occurred. A volunteer who had somehow got separated from his corps, but who was bent on rejoining them sooner or later, and who felt, apparently, that to go back was as bad as to go forward, was seen solemnly coming down the racecourse by himself, in full view of the assembled thousands, marching at "attention," with rifle, haversack, and everything complete. He was not hurrying himself in any way; his face was set to the performance of a serious duty, and he strode along with the same measured step that he would have taken had he been in the midst of his own company. Shouts, taunts, ridicule, laughter never moved him in the slightest degree; he walked coolly and deliberately on as if he were bent on winning a wager. Cheering along the whole line gave warning of the approach of the missing fourth division, and with it of the Prince, who with his slight frame and in sombre rifle uniform, might have passed unnoticed but for the strong family likeness to his elder brother. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, as Major-General commanding the division, having saluted, reined in his horse and took up a position on the right of Sir Hope Grant while the troops under his orders marched past. Prince Arthur, on the other hand, did not approach the flagstaff at all, but as junior officer in attendance placed himself at the extremity of the line of mounted officers, on the opposite side from Sir H. Grant. The final division included several well-known and popular corps and their commanders; among others, the regiments of Colonel Buxton, Colonel Wilkinson, and Lord Bury, who also held independent commands as brigadiers; and the London Scottish, under Lord Elcho. The Inns of Court attended, but not in very large numbers—this being, for lawyers, an unfavourable time of year, it seems. Their battalion was, however, swollen by companies from Oxford and Cambridge Universities—two of the latter University to one of the former, possibly in honour of their victory on the river. It is needless to say that the battalion was well handled; for, where professional *esprit de corps* steps in to supplement personal willingness to serve, a regiment is not merely a regiment, but a club.

The march past, which commenced at twelve o'clock, did not conclude till after half-past one. As a whole, and bearing in mind the recent innovations in drill and the alterations that have been made even in the most trivial words of command, the marching was for the most part highly creditable, and nobody passed the Commander-in-Chief who had not a right to do so—a decided improvement on some former reviews. The proper distances, however, were frequently lost sight of—in the artillery brigade to a flagrant extent; and one or two corps ignored the niceties of "touch" and "step." The half-hour's break, also, in the con-

tinuity of the march is a matter that requires official explanation. Nevertheless, admitting the very worst that can be urged against it, the march past of 1871 will bear comparison, as to physique, appearance, and attendance of the men, with any of the volunteer reviews that have preceded it, and it certainly afforded great pleasure to the dense body of spectators.

THE FIELD OPERATIONS.

The operations of the field day commenced at a quarter-past two o'clock. The long delay at the Grand Stand had afforded ample time for the regiments destined for the distant heights to reach their positions, and, accordingly, as soon as the later arrivals had marched to their appointed stations the first gun was fired and the review commenced. Opinions differed, and must always differ, widely as to what constitutes a successful day under arms at Brighton. The first thing necessary to be determined in solving the question is this—what is really meant by the phrase of "the Easter Monday Volunteer Review"? Is it a gathering of volunteer corps for the purpose, avowedly and mainly, of military instruction having a definite bearing on military organisation and on the question of national defence; or is it simply the last phase of a popular three days' holiday, of which advantage is taken to give some 20,000 men annually an opportunity of burning gunpowder and of practising a few simple evolutions in presence of an overwhelming number of friends, relatives, and casual lookers on? Either view may be adopted and acted upon; but persons should make up their minds to one thing or the other. Take the latest features of Continental warfare—rifle-pits, entrenchments, mitrailleuses, sieges, requisitions, field posts, forced marches—what have any of these things in common with the Easter Monday Volunteer Review? On the other hand, national holidays are few enough and remote enough already, without the War Office laying an iron hand upon the enjoyments of Easter. If a little battalion drill on a large scale can be gone through incidentally, as it were, by the volunteers of the south of England during that short holiday season, why, according to the views of many sensible people, so much has been gained. The great mistake, in our present state of military organisation, or rather disorganisation, consists in laying too much stress upon this one day's gathering, and in imagining that, because the volunteers have for once "assembled in their thousands," we thereby renew our strength, or that a great moral lesson has been read to all Europe. The fact must be taken for what it is worth. There is sufficient vitality in the volunteer force to lead its members voluntarily to undergo the fatigue, risk, and whatever danger there may be attendant on the double journey to Brighton, and voluntarily and cheerfully to place themselves at the disposal of the War Office to carry out whatever plans the military authorities may decide upon. If they have learnt anything new, and if, as there can be little doubt they have, by the day's operations, overcome the feeling of strangeness to the breech-loader inseparable from the fact that it was placed for the first time on active service in the hands of very many of their members, this clearly is so much gained by the volunteers. But what can be instilled into them in the way of military knowledge in the course of a few hours involves a nice calculation as to the adaptation of means to an end. "Give us," say the War Office in effect, "a force under arms for a week, and we will furnish an admirable and instructive plan of operations; but we are obliged to cram everything into a day, and that must necessarily involve some very violent suppositions." The plan which Sir Hope Grant, having viewed the ground and conferred with volunteer officers, finally determined upon was this—That a force should be supposed to have embarked at Dieppe, and, eluding the vigilance of the Channel Fleet, to have landed above Kemp Town, near the toll-gate and east of the coastguard station. In place, however, of making the most of their time, occupying Brighton, seizing the principal inhabitants as hostages, and complying with all the other usages of modern warfare, the enemy, in a more chivalric spirit, marches out to attack a rival force inland, occupying the reverse slopes of the ridges between Newmarket-hill and Rottingdean. As a necessary consequence, this soon carries them beyond the view of the spectators, who, as benevolent neutrals, occupy the long line of the racecourse; but there is room enough and to spare for the operations in the 5000 acres which have been secured for the purpose by the Town's Committee, who annually make themselves liable for about £600 by way of guarantee against those injuries to crops, &c., which were recently described by the Commander-in-Chief in the House of Lords as inseparable from all military operations in this country conducted on a large scale. For some time the battle was confined to the skirmishers, who pushed boldly—almost too boldly—into the enemy's territory, walking fast and far away from their supports. By degrees, however, these were gradually pushed forward, marking the ploughed lands and cultivated patches with broad stripes of red, and gray, and black. The attack lasted fully an hour and a half, and was carried up nearly to High Barn before the defenders rallied in sufficient strength to push the invaders back again, and even then their second line, coming to the support of the first, continued the contest for a time. The attacking force also had the advantage of effective cavalry support, the heads of the Inniskilling Dragoons, whose helmets, swords, and accoutrements glittering in the sun and peeping out here and there from the gorse in the hollow, where they dismounted, forming a striking and picturesque central point in the combat that was carried on over a wide surface of undulating downs. Their services came even more strongly into request when the attacking force was gradually drawn back upon the shelter of Brighton, which at first it had despised, and a stand was made at every point calculated to afford a good defensive position. A certain amount of vividness and reality was given to the picture when at two or three points the furze caught fire, and rose into lofty sheets of flame, burning fiercely for half an hour together before exhausting the available material. The smoke arising was so dense and sweeping that it might easily have stood for the burning villages of actual warfare.

THE SPECTATORS.—CASUALTIES.

The throng of visitors, townspeople, and rustics, who somewhat interfered with the movements of troops, found amusement in chasing several unfortunate hares and still more unfortunate partridges, all of which suffered easy capture at the hands and feet of a cloud of pursuers. The birds were bewildered by the firing and the shouting, and, as often happens at this season, would not rise. Their capture was, therefore, shameful; but the sight-seers were weary, and obtained relaxation in this inglorious sport. Some casualties have to be reported. One volunteer fell down, and died a few minutes afterwards, presumably from heart disease intensified by over-exertion. This was Mr. Pragnall, of the fourth company London Rifle Brigade, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed in his corps. Another fell and injured his knee-cap rather seriously. A civilian was kicked in the leg by a horse, and a boy was ridden down and severely injured. The necessary amount of galloping to and fro by aides-de-camp in the midst of a throng of spectators who recognised no military "lines," makes one surprised that such accidents were not more numerous.

THE RETURN.

The return to town was accomplished with all the regularity which had marked the journey down; and Mr. J. P. Knight, the general manager, who, with Mr. W. J. Williams, personally superintended the reception and dispatch of trains, had the satisfaction of knowing that the enormous traffic of the day was not marred by any accident whatever. The review was not over till five o'clock, an hour after it had been expected to close. This delayed the departure of volunteers, and it was seven o'clock before the first train left Brighton; this reached Victoria at twenty minutes to nine o'clock. All the volunteer trains were dispatched from Brighton shortly after nine o'clock. The first-class special express from Victoria reached that station on the return journey at half-past six p.m. After its departure the ordinary traffic was suspended, and was resumed when the volunteers left.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

In our previous notices of this large exhibition of the season we had not space to notice those water-colour drawings which form so important and so interesting a part of the gallery. We regret that the same exigency now prevents our devoting more attention to them in detail.

The North and North-East Rooms are devoted to these works, and they offer not only charming variety of subject, but a remarkable opportunity for studying the different styles which characterise some of our most eminent water-colour artists. Mr. Wainwright again shows how wonderfully he can paint, not only seascape but sheep, in another material. Mrs. Charrette and Miss Bouvier each sends charming characteristic pictures; and Mr. Wimperis delights us with his "Quiet Hour" in water colours. Mr. G. S. Waters and Mr. C. Pearson both bring admirable studies from North Wales, the former gentleman also exhibiting a capital pair of pictures under the titles "A Calm" and "A Fresh Breeze." We must also call attention to Mr. H. Bright's "Cochin China," Mr. Gosling's "Harvest Field," Mrs. Backhouse's "Gipsy Gleaner," and Mr. T. J. Watson's "Old Bridge."

THE FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.

The eighteenth annual exhibition in London of pictures by artists of the Continental schools is this year a small one, but it is extremely attractive, and contains several works which have already attained a great reputation.

The visitor accustomed to the frequently vivid colouring—the blue skies and the glaring light of some of our own artists—will be struck by the subdued tone which characterises most of the landscapes in this gallery. It almost suggests that English artists, resenting the supposed opinion that our skies are dull with cloud, and our air heavy with sea-fog, are a little too determined to vindicate the national climate, and that they consequently too often fail to perceive what real power and what great effect can be attained from a more moderate tone—a reliance rather on depth and harmony than on brilliancy and contrast of colour.

Beginning with the landscapes in this exhibition, we come at once to a picture which wonderfully illustrates our meaning. "A Sunny Day on the Coast of Belgium" (6), by R. Burnier, might at the first glance almost be regarded as a touch of fun by anyone saturated with the efforts of the vivid school; but it is in reality a charming success in depicting a sunny day without the bright, painful blaze that would scorch the fields and send the cattle panting to seek the shelter of the trees. In a minute or two, when we begin to perceive how the light falls on the pasture and its dappled herd, we feel that we have achieved something by an escape from exaggeration, and by the discovery of that sort of boldness that dares to be true to Nature without choosing even her extreme aspects in order to secure effect. Another excellent picture of a fresh, cool, serenely airy kind is Mr. W. Roelofs' "View in Holland" (10); a similar work by the same artist being seen in No. 141, a charming cattle and water piece with fine cloud and sense of atmosphere. Two very fine Venetian pictures, by M. A. Rosier, will at once attract attention—the first, "The Canal of San Marco" (11), by its grand breadth and the fine gloom of the water, beneath the green and crimson sky; the second, "St. George's Majour" (17), by its exquisitely even tone and finished handling. "Une Plage de Villerville-sur-mer" (7), by Mr. C. F. Daubigny, is an excellent picture of a stone ridge and beach, with fine windy cloud above. Mr. A. Mauve sends three pictures of great merit, the first "Tending the Flock" (20), with prettily-painted sheep and very real shepherdess. "A Wood Sleigh in Holland" (22) is full of fine shadowy effect and cold glimmer; and "Loading the Wagon" (120) is a dark grey picture, admirably and evenly executed, with consummate truth to Nature. "On the Lake Chiem, Bavaria" (23), by Mr. R. Proschinger, is another charming picture, with cool distance remarkable for its fine perspective; and Mr. C. Pittara's "Travelling in Italy—Rainy Weather" (27), is a fine dark scene, with a wagon surmounted by a passenger huddled under an umbrella. Two paintings by Mr. W. Lommens, "The Timber-Wain—A Passing Shower" (32), and "A Stormy Day" (66), are admirable weather subjects—the first grandly handled, with great effect of woodland and cloud; the second a wonderful bit of atmospheric action. Mr. Schreyer's "Horses at a Trough, Wallachia" (41) is a capital picture, with great movement and freedom in the cattle. Mr. H. Koekkoek, sen., sends two of his fresh glorious paintings—"A Summer's Day in Holland" (56), a canal scene, calm and clear in its placid blue sky; and "Breeze on the Zuyder Zee" (162), a great breezy picture, which stirs the blood to look at. In "The Favourite Haunt of the Deer—Evening" (34), and "A Potato-field, Bavaria" (59), Mr. Noer's power in rendering cold sky and dark landscape is admirably shown. "Cattle" (111) and "Sheep on the Prairies" (133) represent Mr. J. B. Tom's excellent contributions to an exhibition which could not be complete without his canvas. Mr. Wenglein's "Scene in Bavaria" (134) and Mr. Lier's "Night" (135) are both noticeable among the most attractive of the landscapes; and the latter gentleman's "Harvesting in Bavaria" (152) is a fine piece of real rustic scenery, excellent in its freedom from affectation and from striving after colour.

Among water-pieces Mr. Th. Weber's "Dover Fishing-Boats" (71) stands in a foremost place for its magnificent freedom of handling; and the same characteristic belongs to his "First Mail after the Proclamation of Peace" (98). Mr. J. Corot's "Early Morning" (73) is another fine example of wood and cloud and wind, with great breadth and distance. "Scene in the Environs of Paris" (84), by M. Rico, is a bit of well-painted suburb with a foreground of water, in which the deep shadows are capitally managed. Mr. H. Baisch sends a pretty and exquisitely-finished picture called "Crossing the Stream," where the cattle at a ford, the foreground of herbage, and the cloudy distance are all in good keeping. In "Calm on the Scheldt" (110) Mr. P. J. Clays sends one of his beautiful water-pieces; and it is such water—so liquid, deep, and clear, and with the light shadows of the luggers and their sails showing so far beneath the surface, as shadows in water do. This one picture is worth hours of study.

Turning now to the figure and genre paintings, we will begin with "Learning to Walk" (1), by Mr. J. Maris, a very excellently finished little picture of a child in a go-cart, noticeable more for the evident skill of the work than for its subject. Mr. Josef Israels contributes several works, admirable in their beauty of tone and finish—"Going Home" (8) and the "Promenade en Mer" (78), both being child subjects, the scene of the latter being a wet beach along which a young woman is carrying a little one on her back. The light and the exquisite warm tone of the flesh are admirable in all this artist's work; but he seems, in "A Dutch Fishwife" (128), to have designed to show that he can paint a Rembrandtish kind of portrait, with a certain ruggedness and absence of warm finish which makes such a subject all the more characteristic. This half-length is well worth studying attentively. In "The New Toy" (9) Mr. P. Knaar sends a rather antique chamber with two women and a baby very finely,—the flesh excellent for texture, and the white satin drapery admirable in finish. Of "Pages Playing at Chess" (12), by Mr. A. Guis, an engraving appeared in our columns at the time of its being exhibited in the Paris Salon. "A Chorister Boy" (16), by Henriette Brown, is a fine bold painting, striking in expression and with good effect of colour. Her Majesty the Queen has lent Mr. J. Gallait's fine picture of "The Vision of Saint Hubert" (24), to add to the attractions of the exhibition, and those who have not already seen that painting should take this opportunity of doing so.

Two charming tiny paintings one cannot easily help coveting as they hang on the wall. "Maternal Trouble" (25), by Mr. J. Granenwald, representing a group of children watching an

Literature.

Critical Miscellanies. By JOHN MORLEY. London: Chapman and Hall.

anxious hen as the ducklings she has hatched scuttle into the pond; and "The Twins" (26), by Mr. E. Verboeckhoven—a motherly ewe with two pretty lambs. "Selecting a Flower" (33), by M. Fuillems, is a charming representation of female beauty completing the toilet. "An Eastern Girl" (35), by M. St. Jerome, is a wonderful bit of effect, not only in the fine harmony of colour and the admirably firm drawing, but in the management of the face, seen through the flimsiest possible green veil. "In the Temple" is one of the attractive works of M. L. Alma Tadema, whose pictures at the last three exhibitions of the Royal Academy have made his name well known to the general public here. The green-draped vestal, with bright flowers in her hair and cymbals in her hands—not to be changed, but to be touched daintily—is a wonderfully beautiful figure; and all the classical accessories, from the architecture to the group of figures at the back, are in keeping. There is more life and colour in this than in most of the artist's works hitherto exhibited in this country; and it can scarcely fail to be attractive. "Indecision" (44), by Mr. J. E. Saintin, represents a young lady in mourning, hesitating, as she looks through the half-closed blinds of the window, whether she shall go out or stay at home. The whole attitude, and the way in which she is beginning to unbutton her glove, are very expressive—so good, indeed, that nobody will wonder that this work won a prize in the Fine Art Exhibition at Paris, to which it was first sent. "The Cobbler's Home" (55), by Mr. J. Maris, is a well-finished picture, capital in its half-light and remarkable for its depth of tone. Among the large works is another very striking picture, by Mr. Jozef Israels, "A Cottage Madonna" (57), a poor, barefooted woman at a common table feeding her infant. It is full of power, and, while it is not so highly finished or so warm in its flesh tints as some smaller works by the same artist, has about it a strong attraction difficult to name, and a subtle expression which asserts itself over even the casual observer. This peculiar faculty of expression is to be seen in a small work by Mr. Israels called "Solitude" (54). It is a picture of a woman leaning against the wall of a cottage, near the door. Standing quite alone, the figureless landscape, the sense of no one being inside the house, and the loneliness of the whole scene, are strangely significant.

Mr. J. G. Vibert's large picture of Gulliver surrounded by the Liliputian army, who have bound him and await his waking (58), is very finely finished as regards the crowd of smaller figures, in rich and fantastic Oriental clothing, who sit about the monster, prize open his watch, signal each other, or lounge carelessly near his great limbs, all securely fastened by strong ropes, chains, and tackling. It is a pity that there was not a little more pains taken with the figure of Gulliver; but the difficulty would have been that he would not then have been coarse enough. The observer must be in the character either of Liliputian or giant; and the painter seems to have intended his work to be viewed from the Liliputian standpoint.

"A Normandy Bride" (76), by Mr. J. Portuets, is a half-length figure, with all the purity and solidity of execution for which the artist is remarkable. "Soliciting Alms" (83), by Mr. L. Perrault, is a beggar child, excellently painted for tone and warm flesh tint. "As Mistress, so Servant" (85), by Mr. J. Caraud, is the humorous representation of a pretty French housemaid, feather-brush in hand, stopping before the dressing-glass to apply the powder-puff to her face. The "Chickweed-Seller" (100), by Mr. C. Brun, is a very pretty picture of a poor little girl plying her humble trade outside a window, where from the street she can see that her vegetable merchandise may find a customer. There is a pathetic touch in this painting which makes it singularly attractive.

"Beggars Waiting for Alms" (103), by E. Melida, is a bold, strong picture, representing a rather repulsive-looking group of mendicants, full of character and well finished. "The Historiographer" (114), by Mr. V. Lagye, is a picture of a fair girl poring over the worn-out tomes taken from a great carved press in a muniment-room. The intensity of expression in the girl's pale face and the semi-transparency of the white cap she wears make that face the true central point of the scene; but the accessories are admirably and elaborately rendered.

"Italian Shepherds" (125), by Mr. C. Pittara, exhibits a group of as truculent-looking fellows on horseback as ever concealed a brigand or left their flocks to join his band and fleece the subjects of the Pope. Mr. Gisbert's "Faust and Marguerite" (129) is well painted and finely finished, but it is not pleasing. Faust is a sneaking-looking fellow; Marguerite a common-place pastry-cook girl, not the simple little Marguerite of whose portrait we all have some dim idea.

A very effective little picture of "Soldiers in Quarters at a Farmhouse" (136) is Mr. H. Ten Kate's contribution to the gallery; and Mr. J. Worms sends a nicely-finished bit of piquant character and colour under the title of "The Costumier" (157), and representing a Spanish donna about to choose her fancy dress. With this and a very charming little "Rustic Interior" (160), by Mr. Leon Caille, we must close our notice of this interesting exhibition.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON THE PURCHAS JUDGMENT. The Archbishop of Canterbury has written a letter in reference to a remonstrance which is to be presented to the prelates upon the decision of the Privy Council in the Purchas case. While admitting that the presentation of a petition for rehearing is strictly constitutional, his Grace believes that the publication of a remonstrance against a judgment of one of the highest Courts of Appeal is both unusual and inconvenient. Such a course might appear to imply that the members of the Court were either ignorant of the law, or that they had perverted its interpretation for an unrighteous party purpose. The most reverend prelate is at a loss to understand the request made to the Bishops that they should obtain from acting upon the decision, as the chief pastors of the Church were of all men the very last who ought to set the example of refusing obedience to the highest tribunals. The Archbishop concludes by reminding the remonstrants that the whole practice of the Episcopacy is averse to anything like tyrannical interference with individual liberty, and that the rubrics, as interpreted by the supreme court, form the lawful rule of Divine service, to which the clergy are bound to yield a loyal obedience.

A YEAR'S IMPORTS.—The Board of Trade accounts represent the computed real value of the merchandise imported into the United Kingdom in the year 1870 as £293,296,982, the largest amount ever reported. The increase is in the imports from foreign countries, which amounted to £238,498,432; the imports from British possessions, £54,797,550, have been larger in several recent years. Our imports from the United States, amounting to £19,804,929, reached the largest value as yet recorded. The same may be said of the imports from France, £37,608,043. The imports from the German empire declined to £15,401,946; from India, to £25,056,902; from China, to £9,624,537; from Egypt, to £14,116,820. The imports from Russia reached £20,560,043; from Holland, £14,815,910; from Belgium, £11,246,523—all three showing a large increase over the previous year. The year's imports from Australia and New Zealand advanced to £14,075,291; from British North America, to £8,512,789. Sweden shows an advance to £6,497,967; and Norway, to £2,190,806; Peru, to £4,881,075; and Turkey, to £6,682,433. The general result is an increase over 1869 to the extent of £7,835,868.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Some curious Good-Friday bequests were, as usual, observed this year. At All-Hallows Church, under the will of one Peter Symonds, sixty of the younger scholars of Christ's Hospital each received a new penny and a small packet of almonds and raisins. In the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, the Curate, after preaching a sermon, laid about twenty shillings upon a stone in the churchyard, and the coins were duly gathered by a similar number of aged women who had been selected to receive the gift. While in Roman Catholic and Ritualist Churches on Good Friday crowds of worshippers gathered amid impressive and ornate services, many thronged to St. Paul's, to Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal, and to a long list of other places, whose pulpits were occupied by the popular preachers of the day. Vast numbers, as their custom is, went to the Crystal Palace, Hampton Court, to Greenwich, and to the numerous other suburban places of pleasure easily accessible from the metropolis. The lovers of wrestling were gratified by an exhibition of this exercise at the Agricultural Hall, while for the admirers of sacred music there was, in addition to the concert at the Crystal Palace, a performance by the Christy Minstrels. The weather was bright and sunny, but a cold east wind somewhat interfered with the enjoyment of outdoor recreation. Easter Monday was observed as a holiday, not only upon the Stock Exchange but by a great proportion of the population. Large numbers visited the various places of outdoor recreation and amusement, and mustered in considerable force at the theatre and music-halls in the evening.

IN spite of some disadvantages or difficulties Mr. John Morley has made good his footing in the forward ranks of English thought, and any grave expression of opinion coming from him can claim, and does actually receive, respectful attention, merely on account of the signature it bears. He has never been on the popular, or, let us say, on the facile, side in any current contest, and bowing in the house of Rimmon is not his line. This, except with a comparatively narrow circle, is one disadvantage, to begin with. Another difficulty in his path has been a certain dry *largo* of style which is at first not inviting. A third is an occasional brusquerie, approaching contemptuousness, towards certain things which contradict the habitual assumptions of his mind. It is possible that Mr. Morley may not be aware how often this note of sudden roughness is to be caught in his writing; for he is never unjust towards the absurdities of the past; he is a singularly fair controversialist; and he is always large in his allowances. Mr. Morley, again, never flinches from full and frank avowal of convictions: some of those which he frankly discloses in this volume are not only distasteful to us in themselves, they belong to a school of thought whose methods and teaching we utterly disavow. The greater weight, then, if any, should attach to our words when we say that this collection of essays is a valuable contribution to that class of philosophical writing to which it belongs, is full of conscientiously gathered information and conscientiously offered suggestion, and (regard being had to its aim, scope, and the author's point of view) is even exhaustive in its treatment of some of the topics taken up. The entirely new paper on "Some Greek Conceptions of Social Growth" we would gladly have seen extended to a volume of the size of this; but of Condorcet, Vauvenargues, &c., we have as much as we need; and as to matters in which we differ from Mr. Morley, we can fill up the blanks or make the alterations for ourselves. It appears quite plain to us that no point of vantage properly moral can be acquired by any "positive" process whatever; and when we read Mr. Morley's very fine essay on "Carlyle" we allow for the difference of opinion, and find the essayist inconsequent; but we read on, and with thankfulness. Again, when we turn to the paper on "De Maistre," we fancy that a mere change of terms would make the *reductio ad absurdum* of De Maistre's system of thought a *reductio* of the same kind for Mr. Morley's. But, as we know these are matters on which we should never come to an agreement with him, we do not permit our dissent to interfere with our pleasure or our sense of indebtedness to an able man.

The enemies of the fame and influence of Byron have little reason to hug themselves on the attacks of a year or two ago, for they probably suggested to Mr. Morley his masterly essay on that poet in certain relations which have been too little considered. One question arises upon this paper. It is quite certain that Byron had neither Shelley's sense nor Shelley's faith of the possibility of a true intellectual justification of certain moral conceptions—so far Mr. Morley and we are agreed. But, after all, what was the root of the inconsequence of Byron's mind in this particular? In "Julian and Maddalo" Byron is made to say that the other poet's scheme may be made "refutation-tight, as far as words go," but— and here his mind goes off at a tangent. Was not this rather from an excess than from a lack of "positivity," or, in other words, a lack of reasoning power proper?

For the translations from Condorcet and Plato in the appendix we are much obliged to Mr. Morley. It is, no doubt, annoying to find clever men discussing the mental equality of the sexes, as if that settled the suffrage question. But there is one more thing which is also annoying—namely, for a writer who has done nothing of the kind to be treated as if he had done so. We also find flaws in Condorcet's arguments. If certain physical liabilities of women affect the question of their political status, it is no answer to say that the fact of a certain number of men being subject to periodical gout or ague does not prevent our giving them the suffrage. If we could certainly affirm of a definable class of men that they were periodically, and fatally, liable to accidents which affected their political capacity, then the question of giving them the suffrage would decidedly be an open one. The passage from Plato conveys no information to well-read people; but it was doing a service to present it in so handy and defined a shape. Personally, we have no doubt whatever that the differences between man and woman are aboriginal, fatal, and final, and that, though woman has a place in *politics*, and an equal place too, it must be totally different from that of man. Do the advocates of a contrary view give up for good and all the consideration of quality as an index of function? Some canary birds can go up a ladder and fire a cannon; but is a canary-bird intended to do either? Or shall we put a ton's weight upon a silk thread as readily as upon a bar of iron?

Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones. By HER SISTER. With an Introduction by Florence Nightingale. London: Strahan and Co.

The "lady nurse" for hospital and workhouse is now a personage well known to the world, and not less deservedly esteemed than known; and yet only a few brief years have passed since skilled and trained nurses, properly so called, were strangers alike in workhouse and hospital, especially in the workhouse, where they are still much too rare. The honour of pioneering this noble work belongs, as Miss Nightingale—herself the great pioneer of systematic (we might say scientific) training—tells us in her earnest-toned introduction, to Miss Agnes Elizabeth Jones, whose character and labours are here lovingly commemorated by her sister. Miss Jones, "a woman attractive and rich, young and witty," devoted herself to the task of introducing and perfecting trained nursing in workhouse infirmaries; underwent a long and thorough course of instruction, in order that she might be thoroughly fitted for her work; encountered many obstacles and discouragements, but never faltered; and finally succeeded in overcoming all opposition, and in bringing order out of confusion, method out of chaos. In the words of Miss Nightingale, "In less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline; she had led, so as to be of one mind and heart with her, upwards of fifty nurses and probationers; she had converted a vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses—the first instance of the kind in England; she had converted the Poor-Law Board to these views; she had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism, so that Roman Catholic and Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all literally rose up and called her 'blessed.'" A noble mission and a noble example this—the one well deserving of being carried out, the other worthy of all imitation. We hope these "Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones," and the earnest appeal from Florence Nightingale that precedes them, will stimulate many women, pining for a vocation, to adopt that trust, best, most becoming of all feminine "missions"—the mission of alleviating suffering, soothing pain, and lessening, by kindly offices, the inevitable horrors of a sick bed. And a not unprofitable occupation, even in a worldly point of view, is that of trained nurses, for it seems the remuneration to be obtained is liberal and the demands for the nurses' services numerous.

The Queen's Taxes: an Inquiry into the Amount, Incidence, and Economic Results of the Taxation of the United Kingdom, Direct and Indirect. By JOHN NOBLE. London: Longmans and Co. Mr. Goschen's speech on introducing his Local Taxation Bill and the admirable report on taxation generally which he lately drew up, have directed an unusual amount of interest to fiscal questions, which is likely to increase rather than diminish. Whatever tends to throw light upon the exceedingly intricate system of

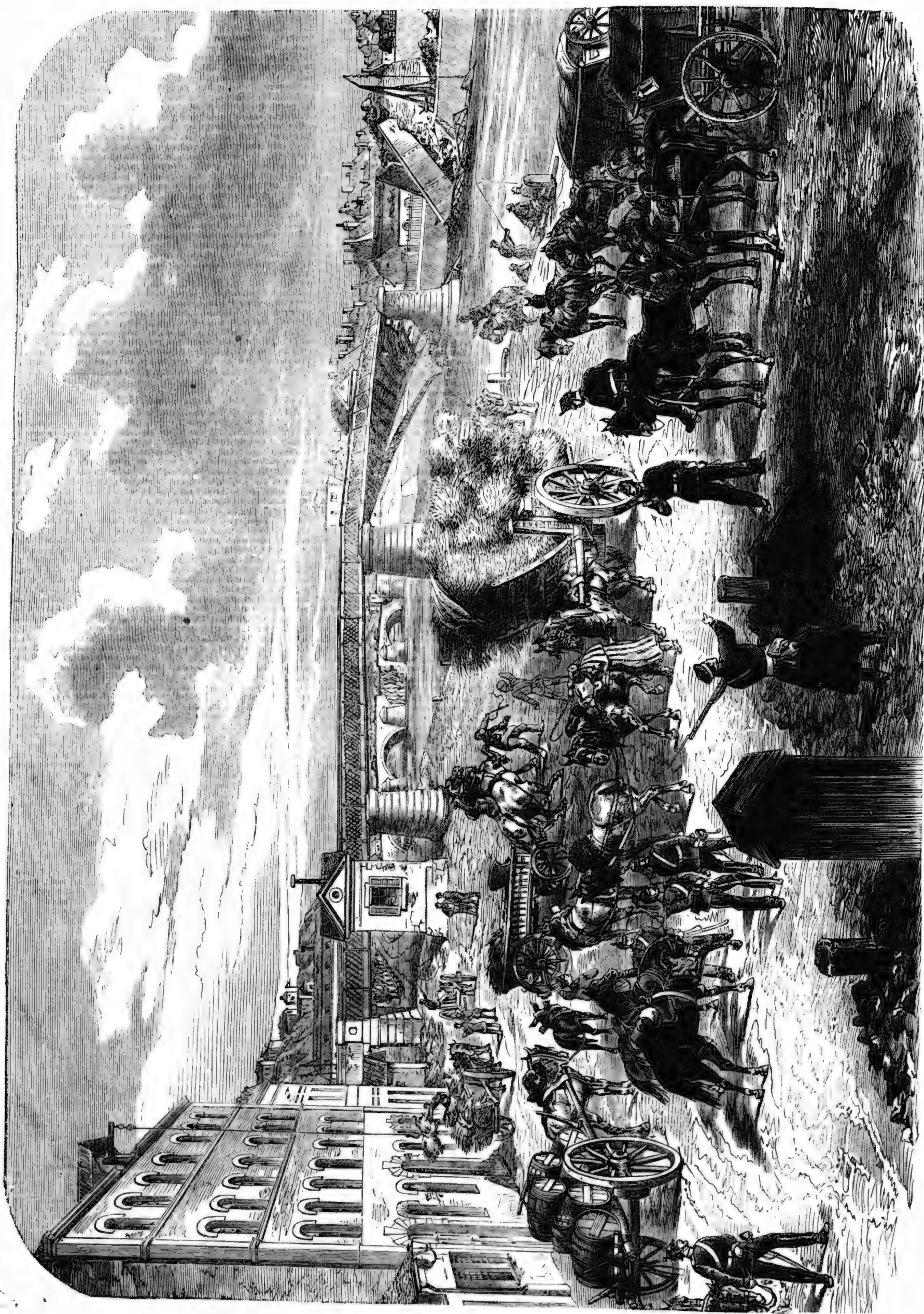
taxation—or, rather, want of system—that obtains in this realm must be of value; and few men are so able to shed light on a very perplexing matter as Mr. John Noble, who has devoted much patient research and a great deal of careful study to the subject. His present work, then, is both valuable in itself and exceedingly pat in the time of its publication. After giving a definition of taxation and explaining the objects aimed at in recent fiscal legislation, Mr. Noble presents us with a concise summary of facts, compiled from the various reports issued by the Commissioners of Customs and of Inland Revenue and other authentic sources. He also deals with the question of the incidence of each tax and its economic results. In the chapter headed "Cost of Collection of Taxes," several calculations are given showing the indirect cost of taxation beyond the amount collected by the State. The arguments for and against each tax levied are fully stated, and the history of every branch of our fiscal system is traced from the commencement. A chapter is devoted to the comparative pressure of taxation upon real property, personal property, trade, and consumption of taxed commodities. Mr. Noble shows a complete mastery both of the details and principles of his subject, and his volume is an excellent handbook of taxation, and will repay the study of fiscal reformers and be of value to all who desire accurate information on the questions discussed in it.

Another work by the same author, "Our Imports and Exports, with some Remarks on the Balance of Trade" (also published by Messrs. Longman), was noticed in these columns some time ago, in connection with the foolish "Reciprocity" movement; but it is worth while to again call attention to it, so that the student of taxation, trade, and financial economics may know where to find the whole theme indicated by these works placed clearly before him. This last-named work embraces a complete analysis of the returns issued by the Board of Trade for the year 1868 compared with those of 1840, 1845, and other years. It shows the value, and, as far as possible, the quantities, of all our imports and exports, distinguishing them under the heads of Food, Raw Materials, and Manufactures. Two chapters are devoted to the Balance of Trade, in which the theory advocated by Adam Smith and recognised by subsequent political economists, is supported by figures. Mr. Noble shows here, as in his work on the "Queen's Taxes," full knowledge of his subject and capacity of intelligently handling it; and we cordially recommend the book, which conclusively vindicates by its results the free-trade policy of which Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright were the champions, and of which Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone were the legislators.

A NEW CAVERN.

A LARGE cavern has been discovered in the mountain limestone formation at Stainton, near Ulverston, in the Furness district of North Lancashire. The valuable hematite iron found so abundantly in this district is deposited in "sops" or "pockets" in the mountain limestone; but occasionally openings in the rock occur, either empty or full of drift, as in the case of the bone caves of Kirkhead and Capeshead, the latter on the Holkar Hall estate of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, explored by a local committee of the Anthropological Society. With the exception of the last-mentioned caverns and a few fissures in the rocks, no opening of any importance has been found until the recently-discovered cavern at Stainton. Immense ridges of limestone exist at this place; and since the opening of a branch of the Furness line of railway hundreds of tons of the rock have been carried away weekly to the neighbouring smelting-furnaces of the Barrow Hematite Iron and Steel Company, as a flux. Escarpment after escarpment has been cleared away, and in an immense cutting in the rock, where the railway terminates, about half way up the face of a perpendicular cliff 100 ft. high, is the entrance to the cavern. Its discovery has caused much interest and some little excitement in the neighbourhood. For a distance of about forty yards the visitor is able to walk in a steeping position, after which he must crawl through a mud-lined passage eight or ten yards in length, when the cavern widens suddenly, and continues along a chamber 15 ft. high and 15 ft. wide. Another narrow passage to creep or drag himself through, and another chamber with a floor entirely covered with waved and fretted white crystallised carbonate of lime; then a descent of 5 ft. or 6 ft., and the principal chamber is entered, being about 130 yards from the entrance. Several "cross roads" have been found branching out from the main way, some ending abruptly at thirty to forty yards, others terminating in small chambers, containing nothing of much interest. The principal chamber is a long gallery, 5 ft. wide and about 7 ft. high, its roof arched. It takes a north-eastern direction for nearly 80 yards, when it turns suddenly to the north-west, preserving its Gothic-arched roof and regularity of height and width all the time. Water-washed boulders of the upper Irclath slate were found upon the clayey floor. At this point the roof rises from 6 ft. to more than 30 ft., and a dangerous shelving at the feet attracts the visitor's attention to a chasm yawning beneath him. Mr. J. Bolton, of Ulverston, a geologist, was able to examine this extraordinary abyss with the aid of lights and the help of a mining captain named Henry Kendall. It proved to be shaped like an hour-glass. The party consisted of six. Mr. Bolton and Mr. Swainson, geologists, remained on the brink; the other four, comprising Kendall, Mr. Hamer (mining clerk), and two intrepid little miners named M'Intyre and Myers, descended the shelving sides of the pit until they reached the constricted portion, or neck, when Kendall and M'Intyre prepared to enter the lower part of the chasm. This was accomplished by ropes secured by Hamer and Myers. After an absence of forty minutes, during which time those above were in a state of agonising suspense, the explorers returned, lighting the gloomy-looking opening in a strange fashion by the lights they carried, their voices becoming more audible as they approached the neck of the pit. They had found a chamber opening out of the lower cone of this strange pit, 70 ft. long and 35 ft. in breadth, but they could not determine the height. They ascertained, however, that at the extremity of this chamber there was a hole, into which they dropped stones, a splash following as if thick, muddy water existed. The whole length from the entrance to the mouth of the cavern was 235 yards. The above-mentioned exploring party was four hours in the cavern; they found the air bright and pure, and it took them forty minutes to regain the open air from the edge of the pit. The cliff in which this cave is situated is 300 ft. above the sea level. Many visitors have been attracted to the place, but few have ventured to the end. Doubtless in the course of the summer many scientific men, interested in geology and mining, will visit this remarkable cavern, as the great problem of the deposition of the valuable hematite iron ore in similar chambers and galleries and basins has yet to be solved, and mining engineers may perhaps get an idea or two by carefully examining these peculiar openings in the mountain limestone, which do not occur so frequently as to afford them many opportunities.

A DISTINGUISHED NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.—A £26 annuity pertaining to the 4th Dragoon Guards having lately become vacant, his Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has been pleased to bestow it upon Troop Sergeant-Major St. Aubert, late of that regiment. Sergeant-Major St. Aubert had been recommended by his commanding officer in the strongest terms for this reward, a copy of the letter, which has been shown to us by a former officer of his, describing him as a "most distinguished non-commissioned officer in every way." Sergeant-Major St. Aubert, who is a Kentish man, has seen much hard service. He entered the 16th Lancers at eighteen, and was present with that regiment at the battle of Maharajpore, for which he received the bronze star; at Allwall and Sobraon, medal and clasp. When the 16th returned home, he volunteered into another fighting corps, the 3rd Light Dragoons, and was with them at the action of Rannagut, the passage of the Chenaab, the action at Sadoolapore, and the battles of Chillianwallah and Secjerat; medal for Panjab, and clasp. He again volunteered for service, this time to the 4th Dragoon Guards, and was with that regiment at the battle of Belachava, at Inkerman, and during the siege and capture of Sebastopol; medal and clasp.—*United Service Gazette.*



THE GERMAN ARMY STORES AND THE BLOWN-UP BRIDGE AT PONTAISE, NEAR PARIS.

THE GERMAN STORES AT PONTOISE.

PONTOISE, a principal town in the department of the Seine and Oise, containing 6000 inhabitants, was, during the siege of Paris, the storehouse for the 4th German Army Corps. Being always a bustling town, and transacting largely business in cattle and flour, made it very suitable for the above purpose. Constant trains of waggons might be seen making their way from all parts to the magazines on the quays to unload their contents, which other waggons from the other side of the same buildings were continually taking away for the service of the troops in the field, everything going on in that most perfect order which is so characteristic of the German army. By a good authority, the necessities for one day for a single army corps are described as follow:—1800 loaves of 3 lb. each; 120 cwt. of rice or groats; 70 oxen, or 120 cwt. of bacon; 18 cwt. of salt; 30 cwt. of coffee; 1250 cwt. of clover; 300 cwt. of hay; 3500 quarts of spirits; every ten days likewise 60 cwt. of tobacco, 1,100,000 ordinary cigars, and 50,000 finer quality for the officers' use. These figures serve to give some slight idea of the work carried on in the stores at Pontoise. There was here a fine bridge spanning the river, but it was blown up by the French at one end—that nearest to Paris—on the approach of the Germans. This, however, did not materially incommode the invaders, as other means of crossing the river were devised, where these were found to be necessary.

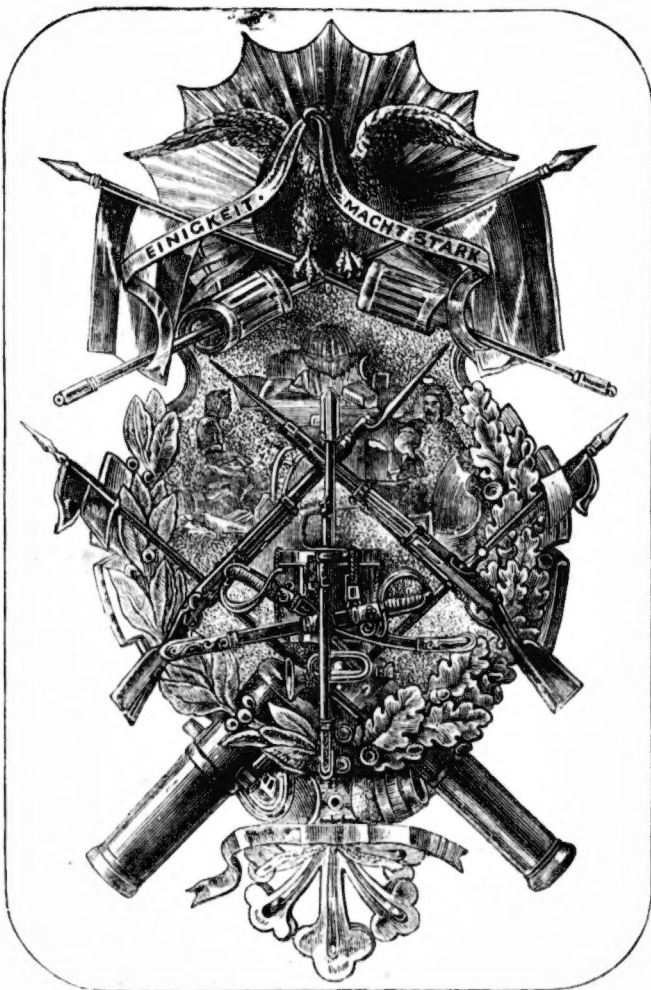
PRESENTS TO COUNT VON MOLTKE AND THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Germans in America are elated at the news of the conclusion of the war. In New York there has been a great marching past, and all sorts of festivities, with the inevitable beer-drinking attendant thereon. In Philadelphia the demonstration has taken a definite patriotic shape, and presents have been sent to the Crown Prince and to Count von Moltke. To the one a sword of victory, to the other a trophy of success. They are both represented in our Engravings. The trophy is of gold and silver. The top is formed by a golden eagle bearing a scroll and legend in its talons, which rest upon the intersection of two spears; below it are crossed rifles, swords, &c., and the base is composed of cannon, terminating in scrollwork. The shield itself is edged with oak and laurel, and is engraved with emblematic devices. The sword is a splendidly-finished sabre, with a finely-mounted scabbard. The whole gift cost about 2000 dollars.

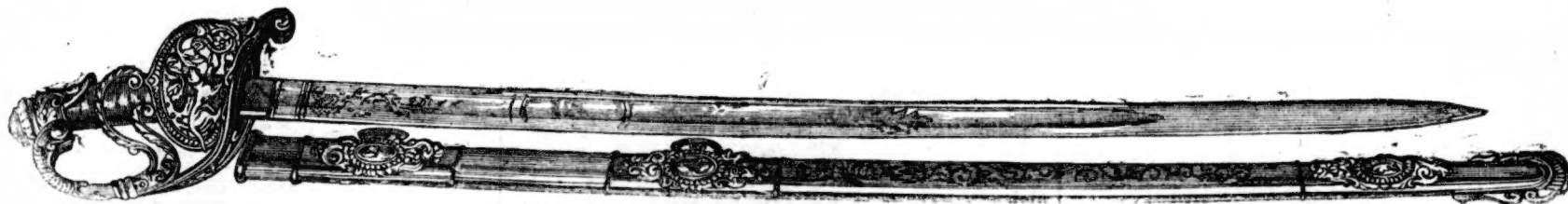
THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

THE MASSACRE IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX AND PLACE VENDÔME.

Our readers are already aware that on the 22nd ult., before the Communists had succeeded in gaining complete mastery over Paris, a demonstration was made



PRESENT SENT FROM PHILADELPHIA TO COUNT VON MOLTKE.



SWORD SENT FROM PHILADELPHIA TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

fusillade was audible from the side of Colombes and Asnières; and, supposing Neuilly to be in consequence tolerably quiet, I resolved to attempt a visit as far as I could penetrate through the Bois de Boulogne. My ambulance uniform served to pass me through the Dauphine gate; and, mindful of the rumour that the Bois was occupied by the Versailles party, I skirted along its edge, keeping as much as possible in the dyke which bounds it, until I reached the spot from which the ambulance waggons were

forced to fly some four days ago. Everything seemed tranquil, and so I tied on my brassard and put a bold face on the matter, determined to plead hospital business should I find myself in a dilemma. Neuilly is, without metaphor, a city of the dead. As far as the principal avenue is concerned, there is nothing remarkable to be seen. Brown-red spots upon the pavement mark the passage of death, while holes ploughed in the ground and trees torn up and scattered show that the struggle

was a desperate one. The side streets present a heart-rending spectacle, and give us a foretaste of what we are to expect should the Versailles army force an entrance into Paris. Piles of bodies, Versailles and Federals, littered the doorsteps and lay in heaps upon the staircases; while long thin lines of blood marked the progress of some victims, wounded unto death, who had crawled into a cupboard or beneath the shadow of a fireplace, and lay there still, with calm, white faces, fixed in ghastly relief in the

before the New Opera House in favour of order and against the insurrection. The assembly was unarmed. Some National Guards came into it with their guns. The crowd ordered them away. Then the armed Guards tried to hide their weapons. Still this was not allowed. They were told that they were interfering with the plan of the demonstration—that arms were of no use unless they could be properly organised—and that the demonstration was intended to be a peaceful one. Upon this great unarmed mass of people, who surged to and fro from the Opera to the Place Vendôme by the Rue de la Paix with much purposeless shouting, the National Guards, who had possession of the Place Vendôme, and were irritated by the reproaches of the multitude, fired—fired again and again. Some twenty people were killed, about double that number were wounded. A correspondent thus describes what he witnessed as the crowd had dispersed:—"At No. 14, in the Rue de la Paix, I found lying on the pavement an old man with long white hair, and decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. He was quite dead, and lying in a pool of blood. A ball had struck him in the back. A few steps further on, upon the pavement on the left-hand side, was a second corpse. For some distance the ground was strewn with kedis and hats of every description. Again in the Rue de la Paix, and facing the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, were four more dead men, lying in pools of their own blood, not far from where two cannons were stationed, and in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs two more corpses were lying stretched. I saw another carried by on a stretcher by National Guards; and I am told that several other persons, dead or wounded, had been removed by their friends."

THE NEW BOMBARDMENT.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing on Monday, gives the following picture of Paris on Sunday last:—

"Easter Sunday bore a strange aspect in Paris. The Boulevards were crowded as of yore, but this time by excited knots of political disputants instead of by vendors of *sucre d'orge* and children's toys. Churches were deserted; many, indeed, being closed 'by command,' and during the greater portion of the day there was a steady flow of pleasure-seekers in the direction of the Champs Elysées. Carriages endeavoured to pass, but were for the most part forced to take another route by the press in the central road; and the space in front of the Palais d'Industrie was occupied in force by troops destined to take part in the funeral ceremony at Père la Chaise in honour of the Guards who fell at Neuilly. Five or six battalions were there in waiting, each man decorously provided with a band of crape for his arm and a bunch of immortelles for his button-hole, while at the top of the long road shells were bursting at the rate of three or four a minute, chipping pieces from the Arch of Triumph and spreading death and devastation all around. A heavy



THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS: REBEL ARTILLERY PARKED AT MONTMARTRE PREVIOUS TO MARCH 18.

light that penetrated down the chimney. In some instances there had evidently been a severe contest, hand to hand. Men lay in twos and threes, one upon another; and I felt like a ghoul, in some tale of horror, the only living creature among so many dead. The distant fusillade and crash of shells served but to increase the stillness and impress me with the general hush. I was astonished to remark that several women had fallen, in one instance pierced by many balls. All of them were in the cantinière uniform, some with a gaily-painted little cask strapped round the waist, others with pistols undischarged still in their belts. There was one lying alone, within a courtyard—a handsome young woman, with black hair braided about her temples, a smile upon her lips, and the fragment of a sabre in her hand. She belonged to the sixty-eighth battalion, and had been struck down by the explosion of a shell. Further on, half buried under a heavy door which had fallen from its hinges, were two men, one a sailor and the other a soldier of the Line, killed by fragments of the same projectile, and half across the door and over the courtyard stones were trails of some long creeper, just bursting into leaf. Many houses are unroofed and open to the sky, while shattered blocks of stone and heaps of bricks and slate render some of the narrow lanes almost impassable. I find upon inquiry that a very large proportion of the victims of the last few days are women, counting together those who have been killed by accident and those who have perished sword in hand. One lady, indeed, bids fair to rival Theroigne de Mericourt—'Citoyenne Eudes,' as she is called, wife of the General of the same name, who now commands at Issy, and who is a member of the Commune. It is said that she has been under fire several times and has picked off her men with soldierly sangfroid. I wandered from street to street and about the charming villas that nestle among trees along the Neuilly road, and a melancholy sight they are. Everywhere are choice shrubs lying prone upon the ground, and fragments of china vases and splinters of green shutters—statues without heads, fountain-tazas overturned, balconies torn down, and verandahs bent and broken. In those cases where doors remain intact the windows are all shattered, and rooms and garden-walks are strewn with broken glass. Fortunately, almost all furniture has been removed, and even in such houses as still boast of curtains and household stuff but little appears to have been taken by the plunderer.

Meanwhile, I became aware that the battle on my left was increasing in intensity. The long Avenue of Neuilly became perforce a kind of neutral ground, being swept by both parties, from the ramparts as well as from the batteries of Courbevoie. A division was therefore made of the Versailles corps-d'armée, one portion retiring upon the Bois de Boulogne and the racing-ground of Longchamps, the other occupying Sublonville. These two divisions poured a joint fire on the Porte Maillot, aided in their efforts by shells and *boîtes à mitraille* from Mont Valérien. The trees that still remain in the Bois appeared on fire, half enveloped as they were in a dense white smoke. A violent fusillade continued, lasting until sunset, while shells were incessantly hurled on Maillot, the Ternes, and the Arch of Triumph. Five projectiles fell within the American ambulance, which is empty and left to its fate; twenty more exploded at the top of the Champs Elysées within half an hour. Foot passengers fled scared, or shrunk under the shadows of the houses; and the National Guards remained hidden behind corners, shaking their fists and vowing vengeance on the canaille. 'We have had enough of this,' they said. 'We have been too long suffering with these brutes. Out with the *feu Grégoire*, the pincette de potasse, and the dynamite! We will sweep them from the face of the earth!' And they waved their arms and uttered imprecations, and then resumed their pipes and retired still further under shelter, quite satisfied with their own conduct.

About dusk I crept back into the town, and made for the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where lives a friend of mine, hard by the Porte Maillot. Shells were bursting in all directions, and I was obliged to choose my time, rush from behind a sheltering wall, and dive into my friend's *porte cochère*. I found his wife and himself at dinner, and was invited to join in the meal. Amid the general thunder and crash it was no wonder that she was nervous; and I must say that, of all dinners, this one was the strangest at which I have ever assisted. The maid-servant brought in dishes with a rush, in order to avoid a portion of the passage which she considered exposed, poured out the wine with a shaking hand, clinking as she did so the bottle against the glass; while her mistress, at every reverberation which seemed nearer than the rest, retired under the table with a smothered shriek, dragging the cloth with her, to reappear shortly, with mute appeals for forbearance from her husband, who was stoically sitting opposite, calmly dissecting a chicken's leg. The house was certainly in direct line of fire, and seemed to shiver whenever a shell burst in the road below. Every now and then a window broke with the shock, increasing my hostess's apprehensions; and all at once, as dessert was being placed upon the table, there came a loud report, and the adjoining drawing-room was filled with smoke. My friend and I hurried out, imagining that a bomb had entered the apartment, but we found that a shell had exploded on the balcony, carrying away a portion of stonework and bending the iron railings like so much wire; and presently there came another, which took off some slates and hurled a stack of chimneys into the road. A great many wounded were picked up in the course of the day in the large thoroughfares about the Arch of Triumph, and taken to the Palais de l'Industrie, which has again become an hospital. Of the wounded lying there, 250 cases are considered hopeless. It is calculated by a correspondent of the *Siecle* that a greater number of innocent persons have perished within the last few days from wounds of shot or shell than during the entire period of the Prussian bombardment.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMISSION.—It is reported that the basis of settlement of the questions in dispute adopted by the Joint High Commission is to grant to Americans the privilege of fishing in parts of the Canadian waters from which they are now excluded, and of landing and drying fish, cleaning nets, &c., on Canadian territory. For this the United States pays Canada a certain sum of money. General principles are adopted defining international neutrality, by which the Alabama claims are hereafter to be adjusted. Another Commission is hereafter to be appointed for adjusting the Alabama claims on these principles. Our advice goes to show that in America the disposal of the fisheries difficulty has excited much more interest than the settlement of the Alabama question.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL RESTORATION.—Special effort is being made to have the choir completed in time for the triennial musical festival, to be held in September next. Much of the basement has been prepared for the new tile flooring, and Mr. Godwin is now making the tiles. The pattern selected is that of some of the ancient tiles found in the cathedral. The decorations of the vaulting were completed, some time ago, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell; the canopies and the stalls are being restored by Farmer and Brindley, of London; and the fine clerestory windows on the north side have been filled with beautiful stained glass, while the west window has been chiefly restored with fragments of ancient glass found in the chapel of great interest have been hereafter to be artistically united. Two other works of great interest have been finished—the restoration and decoration of the Chapel of St. Philip, as a memorial to Sir C. W. Codrington, for many years member for the eastern division of the county; and the restoration, at the cost of the Earl of Ellenborough, of the chapel in the north transept. The work in the first is Norman in character, and is founded on fragments in Ely and Durham Cathedrals; and the chief decoration consists of three medallions. In the panels beneath the reredos in Lord Ellenborough's Chapel are three brasses bearing these inscriptions:—"A.D. 1870, The Very Rev. Dr. Henry Law, being Dean of this Cathedral, the restoration of this Chapel of St. Paul was completed by Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough, late Governor-General of India." "In memory of Catherine Octavia, daughter of Robert Stewart, first Marquis of Londonderry, wife of Edward Law, Earl of Ellenborough." "In memory of Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and of his sons, John, Bishop of Ely; and George Henry, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of England; and George Henry, Bishop of Bath and Wells." In one of the panels this inscription is added:—"Hæc quantum minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse?" It is understood that the great window of the north transept will be filled with painted glass, at the cost of Sir M. Hicks-Beach, M.P., as a memorial to the late Lady Beach, and that the subject will probably be the life of St. Paul, as that of the great window in the south transept is the life of St. Peter.

MUSIC.

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA made her reappearance at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday last, and selected Marguerite as the character in which to do so. Of course the affair was a success, because Gounod's work is always welcome, no matter who may interpret it; and because Madame Lucca's impersonation of the unhappy heroine is one adapted to make an effect with the majority, who are not disposed to trouble about reconciling the real with the ideal. Madame Lucca's Marguerite is, unquestionably, one of power, and there are features in it attributable to an impulse close akin to genius; but it cannot be brought into harmony with the poet's creation, and therefore is, in an important sense, a failure. Few, however, think of this when noting with what consistency and strength Madame Lucca develops her own idea of the part. The prima donna was well supported by Mdlle. Scalchi (Siebel), Signor Mongini (Faust), M. Faure (Mephistopheles), and Signor Cotogni (Valentine); concerning whom it is only necessary to say that Signor Mongini's voice was not in the best order, and that M. Faure added another to his many triumphs in the rôle of the arch fiend. The band, chorus, and mise-en-scène were up to the usual mark.

"Don Giovanni" was the bill of fare for Easter Monday; and that so few were attracted by it must be set down to the holidays, which act upon opera houses inversely to the general rule, by taking "society" out of town. There is little to say about a performance so familiar, and that little concerns itself mainly with the Donna Anna of the evening—Madame Rose Caillag, an old favourite of the London public, who has now reappeared after a long absence. Madame Caillag would have been better advised had she left undisturbed the impression of her former doings; for, though the artist is as manifest as ever, the voice has well-nigh departed. Hence the absolute indifference with which the audience regarded one who in her prime commanded no ordinary homage; and hence another addition to the long list of those who have assisted to destroy their own reputation by not recognising the period when retirement becomes politic. Madame Carvalho was to have played Donna Elvira, but indisposition led to the appearance of Madame Vanzini, who did her best with a character in which her best does not go very far. Mdlle. Sessi was a failure as Zerlina; but M. Faure made some amends for deficiencies by the excellence of his Don Giovanni, a part in which the accomplished French baritone appears to special advantage. Signor Bettini was Don Ottavio; Signor Tagliafico played Massetto; and Signor Ciampi exhibited much of what he mistakes for humour in the rôle of Leporello.

Madame Lucca made her second appearance on Tuesday night, as Leonora in Donizetti's "La Favorita," and made a more legitimate effect than in "Faust," by means of an impersonation nobody could accuse of untruthfulness. The music was delivered throughout in a style far from perfect; but we have long ceased to look for artistic singing at the hands of Madame Lucca, and are satisfied to admire the way in which she embodies the character undertaken—a way due, not so much to study as to impulse, rarely wrong, often working out highly poetic and beautiful results. So it was on the occasion under notice; for nothing could well be better than Madame Lucca's performance in the closing scenes of "La Favorita," more especially those of the last act. Anguish, despair, affection—all were shown most powerfully, yet without the slightest exaggeration; and the verdict of the audience ratified an unquestionable success. Signor Mongini essayed the part of Fernando, and had to fight against recollections of Signor Mario, which boded ill for the result. The loud-voiced tenor might have done better by taking a little more thought. He missed frequent chances of effect; was often weak when he meant to be strong; and, very injudiciously, ornamented music which needs only to be let alone. He made no great success, therefore; nor did Signor Cotogni shine very brilliantly as King Alphonso. The monk Baldassare was well-played by Signor Baggiolo; and the beautiful mise-en-scène of the last act, combined with its music, brought the opera to an effective end.

Her Majesty's Opera opens this evening at Drury Lane Theatre, with the well-worn "Lucrezia Borgia," in which Mdlle. Titieni will appear. Sir Michael Costa will conduct the performance.

In Easter week concert-givers usually take a holiday, and the little there is to say here about platform music has exclusive reference to doings at the Royal Albert Hall, which has now fairly entered upon a career of service to the "Arts and Sciences." The first of six concerts was given, on Wednesday, under the auspices of the Society of Arts, with a view to help in founding a national training school for music. Naturally, a great success was expected, owing to the attraction of a building concerning which so much has been said and for the good fortune of which so many exalted persons are anxious. Nevertheless, the huge hall was little more than half full, and its emptiness at the beginning of the concert was a sight to see. The inference is obvious. If the Albert Hall, while yet a novelty, cannot attract a crowd, how will it fare when the novelty has worn away? Minds less sanguine than those which direct at South Kensington might have foreseen the difficulty, and discovered that Londoners, with so many amusements close at home, are not likely to go far west to spend their money and their evenings. The concert itself, though good, was not one of very special attraction. A fine orchestra, one hundred strong, conducted by Sir Michael Costa, played some selections, including the overture to "Der Freischütz." Madame Arabella Goddard gave a magnificent performance of Beethoven's concerto in E flat, and M. Sainton executed, in first-rate style, the well-known adagio from Spohr's ninth violin concerto. Madame Sherrington sang two vocal pieces; and Mr. Cummings won the only encore of the evening by his rendering of David's "O ma maitresse." At no time were the audience enthusiastic, and they were least demonstrative over the best music—a fact which says little for the art-culture of the "upper ten." The echo of the hall remains as lively as ever; and not all Colonel Scott's contrivances seem able to subdue it.

"Elijah" was to be given last night in the same building, by the forces of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

MEMBERS OF THE PARIS COMMUNAL GOVERNMENT.—The *Gaulois* gives the following account of the Government sitting in Paris:—"Bergeret, the general, is a journeyman printer; Varlin is a bookbinder, who modified in some remarkable way with the funds of the benefit society of his corporation, which were in his charge. This matter led to his dis- appearance, but he turned up on the proclamation of the Commune, when his antecedents naturally led to his becoming one of the Commune, when finances. Grelier, a decent sort of fellow enough, whom they have made Minister of the Interior, and who believes honestly in everything that happens, is the master of a bathing and washing establishment in the Boulevard de la Villette, No. 80. A master of baths among those gentry surprises us; how could they have known him? Dr. Goupil, of the Commune of Instruction, is the maniac doctor who explains all diseases by an examination into the state of the bladder, and has started a journal rejoicing in the name of the 'Uroscopie.' He is now one of the lights of the Commune, which so readily mistakes bladders for lanterns. Jules Vallès, also in the Commission of Instruction, is yet better known; he does not owe his appointment, of course, to his having been editor of the journal *La Rue*. No; he owes the honour to his having been formerly a Larocque, who is military commander, besieged with the lace of the Hôtel de Ville, is a former assistant clerk in the Ministry of Commerce, which he entered on leaving school. He is a pedant and philosopher who has often contributed to journals and periodicals, and who wrote during the strike at Creuzot articles which greatly pleased Citizen Assi. Billioré is the best known of all, and it may be said, the most heard. He is the man with the burly, gurdy, celebrated for his black beard, his pointed hat, and his harmonies." M. Bergeret has since been dismissed from his post and placed under arrest. The cause of Bergeret's arrest is said to be that he gave orders in opposition to those from the War Office. A request for an interview from Cluseret was the result. A stormy scene between the rival Generals ensued, who had fought in America on behalf of the cause of slavery, in opposition to that of liberty—a man who had given up his French citizenship by becoming the naturalised subject of another country. Cluseret immediately issued an order for Bergeret's arrest.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MILLTOWN.—The death, on Saturday last, is announced of Joseph Henry Leeson, fifth Earl of Milltown, at Russborough House, in the county of Wicklow, after a short illness. The deceased Earl was eldest son of Joseph, fourth Earl, by his wife, Barbara, daughter of the late Sir Joshua C. Meredith, Bart., and widow of the late Lord Castlecoote, and was born in May, 1829. He entered the Army, as Ensign in the 68th Foot, in 1848, but retired in 1851. For some time the deceased Earl was extra Aide-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Captain in the Royal Dublin Militia. He succeeded to the family honours in 1866. The late Earl, who was unmarried, is succeeded in the earldom by his brother, the Hon. Edward Leeson, born Oct. 9, 1835.

CAPTAIN THE HON. W. OGILVY.—About nine o'clock on Sunday night the Hon. Captain William Ogilvy went to bed in his usual health, and without the slightest indications of dissolution or physical decay. He died about three o'clock on Monday morning. The deceased was brother to the late Earl of Airlie, and uncle of the present head of the Airlie family. In his time he had seen much and done good service to his country. In his youth he entered seafaring life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy; but an aversion to this profession caused him to give it up, and he entered the Army as Ensign, and in that capacity battled his way through the Peninsular War, and was present at nearly all the important engagements, such as Vittoria, St. Sebastian, Salamanca, Toulouse, Badajos, &c. He held the Peninsular medal and seven clasps. At the battle of Waterloo he was with the 52nd Regiment of Foot, and so terrible was the French attack on the quarter in which the company of that regiment to which he belonged was stationed that scarcely a man escaped being killed and wounded. For his heroic daring he was promoted to the rank of Captain. After the peace he lived in comparative seclusion till the year 1832, when he was elected member of Parliament for the eastern district of burghs—St. Andrews, Forfar, Montrose, &c. Though elected in the Conservative interest, he voted, according to his pledge, in favour of the Reform Bill of that year. Since then Captain Ogilvy has lived in retirement. About twenty years ago he built the mansion at Loyal, Aylth, where he made himself much endeared to everyone by his various acts of generosity and kindness. He was in his seventy-eighth year. —*Glasgow Herald*.

MR. J. B. CHATTERTON.—The death is announced of Mr. John Balsor Chatterton, the well-known harpist to the Queen and Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, which took place, after a very short illness, at about two o'clock on the morning of Sunday last.

A NEW AIR-SHIP, OR "AERONAVE."

MR. BRANNON, civil engineer, of Bouverie-street, who proposed the relief of Paris during the siege by means of his invention, the air-ship, has laid before us statements explanatory of his efforts to effect that object, together with the working drawings of the Aeronave; and, without pronouncing any opinion as to the correctness of his data or the practicability of his scheme, we proceed to lay the substance of his explanation before our readers.

From the time that Metz was invested up till the signature of the armistice of Paris, he incessantly urged on the French Government the adoption of the necessary measures for the relief of the invested places, but the only results of his letters and personal applications appeared to be that the information he furnished passed into the hands of persons connected with the official departments, as in several instances, a few days after his most earnest appeals, it was publicly announced that some French savant had discovered his discovery, expressed exactly in Mr. Brannon's terms, or that some French engineer was going to construct an aerostat of the same powers and in the same number of days which the real inventor had previously mentioned in his offers to the Government! At the same time, not one of those gentlemen ever made good his plagiaristic statement.

On inspecting his drawings for the construction of these air-ships, or aeronautes, as he considers propellable and guidable balloons or aerostats should be termed, we find his project is totally different from the strange and impracticable propositions which, ever since the first invention of the balloon by the Montgolfiers of Annonay, have constituted the bulk of the flying machines, aerial machines, steering balloons, and so forth. The course adopted by him has been to cast ruthlessly away every suggestion and scheme that does not form part of the simple, straightforward, and absolutely practical and effective application of the data, means, and powers furnished by aerostatic and aero-dynamic science, and plain mechanical construction. The result of his labours has thus been, not merely to invent a contrivance or machine, but, by systematising the principles on which aero-navigation has to be carried on, and the modes of applying the materials for aerial ship-building, to place the whole art at once on a manufacturing and commercial basis, and to furnish the means for constructing, according to definite plans and proper specifications, with predicated liable and certain capacities, aerial vessels of any size and exactly suitable to the particular requirements of commerce, pleasure, postal traffic, or of war.

To show that as a system it is thus really complete, it will be only necessary to observe that these vessels admit of being inflated with gas or hot air, and, with either, buoyant wholly or in part, and that in doing so the most absolute safety of the whole structure has been secured and the present dangers of balloons entirely obviated. The most ample provision has been made for the facile management and perfect control of the aeronaute by the navigator, so that it shall not only be propelled at any required speed, either forward or reversed, but that it shall be made to ascend and descend, as may be required, either rapidly or slowly, and for a few feet or miles, and to come to a landing-stage with the same facility as a steam-boat or railway train. The steering apparatus is so perfect and powerful that the vessel may be made to revolve on its own centre, with considerable rapidity.

Mr. Brannon submitted to us a lengthened tabular statement of the time-distances in which voyages by aeronautes on his principle can be performed, from London to the principal cities and tourists' resorts in Europe. He showed by reference to the incontestable facts already known as to the great wind currents, and to the speed attained in numerous instances by unmanageable balloons of the present type, that these figures were given upon careful calculation and comparison with ascertained facts, and that he is confident they give only minimal powers of aeronave locomotion. We have selected below a very few of these time-distances to sites most familiar to travelled ears, and which, if Mr. Brannon can make good his promises, justify the hope that all the miseries of sea voyages and the labours of mountain travelling may be dispensed with, and all the beneficial influences of sea and mountain air and the grandeur of Alpine scenery be thrown open to the most delicate invalids and timorous ladies.

		Hours.		
		With a strong favourable wind.	Under ordinary circumstances.	Under exceptionally unfavourable weather.
London to Dublin.	3	5	14
" Edinburgh	3 1/2	6	17
" Brussels or Paris	2	4	10
" Berlin	6	10	29
" Vienna	8	13	39
" St. Petersburg	14	23	67
" Killarney or Galway	4	7	20
" Mount Blanc, Bern, &c.	12	20	60
" Mount Hecla or Vesuvius	13	21	63
" Mount Etna	12	21	63

The inventor explained that his past reticence was induced by his desire to keep the appliances secret, with the view of saving Paris, but he is anxious now to get his first ship built so as to be available at the Exhibition of this year, which opens next month. For this purpose he proposes to form a company, unless he should in the interim arrange with private capitalists.

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